

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3026.—VOL. CX.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1897.

WITH } SIXPENCE.
SUPPLEMENT } BY POST, 6d.

Italian Admiral. French Admiral.
Austrian Admiral.

German Captain.

Russian Admiral. English Admiral.
Secretary.

English Flag-Lieutenant.



THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COMBINED FLEET HOLDING A CONFERENCE ON BOARD H.M.S. "REVENGE."

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I have received many touching appeals from sad dogs respecting the recent muzzling order. The previous edicts were severe enough, but whereas in that case my petitioners were chastised with whips, to which they were more or less accustomed, they are now chastised with scorpions. "My master," writes one, "does not spare the whip (he calls it 'Simon the Tanner') when his liver is out of order and he loses on the Stock Exchange; but I have never been 'wired into' in such a fashion as this before." One that signs himself "A Street Dog" sends me a reflection: "Better a tin kettle tied to one's tail than a wire muzzle over one's nose." The poor doggies are unable to understand the reason of such a cruel infliction, and one even attributes it to a motive the very contrary of that which suggested it. "They tell me," he writes quite seriously, "that the intention of the wire muzzle, by reason of its constant torment and irritation, is to drive us dogs to madness, in order that the disciples of M. Pasteur may obtain as many patients as possible"; and having seen what my poor little Dan (vice Rip deceased, through rheumatoid arthritis, contracted from sitting on his master's knee) suffers from this infernal invention I am not surprised at his conclusion. A more philosophic victim expresses his conviction that the member of the Board of Agriculture who devised the muzzle is a wire-manufacturer, and that the affair being a job it is hopeless to expect relief. A more sanguine canine correspondent expresses a hope that there are enough "doggy" men in the House of Commons to see him righted. If such wrongs were inflicted on the equine race, the "horsey" M.P.s, he is convinced, would never put up with them. "It is true," he adds, "there is the bearing-rein; but that is supposed to add to the attractions of the creature [a little touch of jealousy], but who that has seen one of us with a muzzle on can venture to advance that argument?"

It is curious, notwithstanding the increased favour with which canine pets are now regarded, that in old times there was a greater indisposition to tax their owners. In 1795 we find the *Times* advertising such an impost, not only upon the ground of increasing the revenue, but because "the coarser parts of meat are scarcely to be had by the poor, since the rich buy them for their dogs." The hair-powder tax was, however, imposed instead, which produced an epigram—at that time a species of literature much favoured by "the Thunderer"—

Full many a chance, or dire mishap,
Ofttimes between the lip and cup is;
The Tax, that should have hung our dogs,
Excuses them, and falls on PUPPIES.

The hair-powder tax could hardly have been so remunerative as that for which it was substituted, though it produced double the amount (£200,000) which was anticipated by the Minister. Every person wearing powder was charged one guinea, which caused those who paid it to be called guinea-pigs, and those who didn't, "pigs without a guinea." The royal family and their menial servants were exempted (the Duke of Portland was held up to public indignation for declining to pay his guinea as being in the King's service); so were clergymen with incomes under a hundred a year, and subalterns in the Army. Persons having more than two daughters unmarried were charged for only two. The Duke of Devonshire paid five-and-thirty guineas for his family. The Duchess of Northumberland but one, "not, however, from motives of dissatisfaction; her Grace declines to contribute in however small a degree to the present scarcity of flour." The leading journal has a most vehement article against such waste in the midst of famine. "To the antiquated virgin, indeed, who still sighs and hopes, and whose silvery locks might prove too sure an index of her years," the sacrifice, it says, may be too great to be expected; "the unhappy henpecked bald pate whose lively wife nauseates and detests the careless brown bob," may also have some excuse, but no other character—and here a long list is given in the same satiric vein—"can have any possible excuse for thus insulting the poor when they are in want."

A dreadful theory has been promulgated in a novel that should be popular that "bores" are in fact vampires. The author has studied the subject, and feels convinced not only that their victims, as we know, become enervated and almost lifeless under their inflictions, but that the strength and vigour thus extracted from them passes into the body of their oppressor, and renders him more formidable than ever. To submit to a bore thus renders his future operations more easy. Unlike the vampire, he is, moreover, not satiated by a human sacrifice, even for the time, but is always ready to begin again. If this be so, it indeed behoves us to resist his advances. Ridicule is thrown away upon him; "he may put fifty people out of temper with him," says one who studied him, but without this discovery of his supernatural endowments; "but he keeps his own. He has an equable voice, which never travels out of one key. His manner is one of tranquil interest. None of his opinions are startling. Among his deepest-rooted convictions, it may be mentioned that he considers the air of England damp, and holds that our lively neighbours (he always calls the French 'our

lively neighbours') have the advantage of us in that particular. Nevertheless, he is unable to forget that John Bull is John Bull all the world over, and that England, with all her faults, is England still."

Another writer seems to have had a glimmering of the truth. He proposes the most stringent measures for the abolition of the bore. "String him up." We are not to listen to his plea that he couldn't help it. Is there no such thing as free will? He would say to the wretch: "You have bored us enough; you waste our time, your opinions are antiquated, you converse prosly on previously exhausted subjects, you wear your hearers out, and you are altogether unendurable—you are of no use to anybody, and the comfort of the public is of more importance than the very limited chance of your moral renovation. You offend because you cannot help offending—we shall punish you because we cannot help punishing. Our aim is the public good—string him up!" This is plain speaking, but it is time that something should be done: even when we only thought him a bore, he was a terrible trial, but vampires are not to be endured.

In the meantime the best way when attacked by a bore is to appear to listen to him while thinking of something else, every now and then putting in some uncompromising observation, such as "Dear me!" "Really!" "Just so!" Care, however, must be taken to avoid interrogations. There is a dreadful story of a dreary person (Jones) describing his meeting with a friend, after a long absence, who exclaimed, "Why, can this be Jones?" Which moment of dramatic interest the supposed listener unfortunately chose for saying, "And was it?" With great prudence and good luck it is possible, however, for a person, though much exposed to these persecutions, to survive them. The poet who wrote—

I have looked in the face of the Bore,
The voice of the Simple I know,
I have welcomed the Flat to my door,
I have sat by the side of the Slow,

lived to a great age.

Some defects have their advantages. One would think that two eyes were always better than one, but the contrary has just been established. A one-eyed man stole a watch and chain the other day, but it cannot be brought home to him for want of identification. Large as is the population of London, one-eyed men are rare, and enough of them could not be collected to contrast him with and secure his conviction. A thief with a wooden leg would have no such chance; Chelsea Hospital could supply half-a-dozen quorums.

A poor lady has lost her life through the effects of seasickness during a bad passage from Calais to Dover. It is probable that fatalities from this cause, though not during so short a voyage, occur more often than is generally supposed. I once knew a very old man who used to boast of having given the lie to the foolish saying that money cannot save us from death, in connection with this malady. He was a passenger in one of the old sailing packets from Holyhead to Ireland, and was so dreadfully affected by the motion of the ship that a doctor who happened to be on board came to the conclusion that a few hours more would destroy him. The captain was appealed to, and though willing to save life, declared that he could not put the ship back, which had got over about a third of the voyage, without consent of the other passengers. These were accordingly appealed to, and agreed, for a certain consideration in each case, to put up with the loss of time caused by their return. My friend was rich, and paid the sum of £2000 among them by way of ransom. After which, like the First Lord in Mr. Gilbert's play, he never went to sea.

For my part, I sympathise beyond expression with people who are what are euphoniously termed "bad sailors." Nobody but themselves has a conception of what they suffer, or surely their fellow-creatures would not assemble at the places of debarkation to flout and jeer them. They don't wait at the hospital doors to chaff its out-door patients, yet what are ordinary maladies compared with that of the sea, which "turns the coward heart to steel"—so that he does not care twopence what happens to himself or anyone else—and his liver topsy-turvy? It is not the mere pitch and toss of the wave—comparatively a small marine misdemeanour—that does the mischief, but its malignant trick of pretending the weight of the vessel is too much for endurance, and letting you down, down, down, two or three hundred fathoms; and when you think and hope you are dead, bringing you up again to life and misery. There are, of course, a hundred remedies, but no cure. Frederick Locker tells us of a remarkable panacea employed by an absurd little Frenchman of his acquaintance: "Quant à moi, quand je suis en mer je ferme les yeux, et je pense à une jolie femme—je pense à Marie Stuart." This historical reminiscence, however, as a matter of fact, did him no good: he was ill between Honfleur and Havre, a passage of one hour.

One of the few books which would "fill an obvious void" is a work upon misdirected sagacity. No doubt the instincts of the dog are most creditable and honourable to canine nature; I do not wonder that the *Spectator* dwells

upon them, but I cannot but suspect that it now and then receives a communication, as it were, from the other side, which it—let us not say burkes, but—ignores; even newspaper editors are human, or, at all events, not divine. Frank Buckland, though a devoted naturalist, was more unbiased. He used to tell a story of a day passed in Grasmere Lake, instead of on it, through the misdirected fidelity of his mastiff. It did not, indeed, attempt to drown him, as so often happens, by affectionately pawing him in the water, but would not suffer him to land or permit him to resume his clothes. With a vigilance not to be overcome by force or persuasion it sat upon them, and declined to recognise its master *in puris naturalibus*. The more he said "Good dog," the more it growled and showed its teeth. Not till the dinner-hour arrived and a search expedition was organised was his rescue effected, and even then, as some ladies were of the party, his position was embarrassing. A dog with the most admirable intentions has lately again fallen into error. An old gentleman, overcome by liquor, was discovered lying in the street of a northern suburb, guarded by a faithful collie. It would allow no one, not even the police, to approach his revered master, and when a Good Samaritan would have ministered to him—though not, one would suppose, with wine—it flew at him savagely. When not actively engaged on the defence, it occupied itself in licking its master's head, which was quite bald, so that its motives were evidently due to affection; but his misdirected energies kept the old gentleman in the gutter for many an hour.

Years ago it was revealed to the world by one who was himself in the same line of business—*i.e.*, a poet—who wrote the verses for the Christmas crackers of the pastry-cooks. Up to that time it had been kept a dead secret, known only to his employer, like the personality (in theory) of the editor of a daily paper. Nothing is sacred nowadays; it is not only the biographer that breaks the seal and betrays the trust; and it has just been discovered who writes—or, at all events, one of the bards who writes—the tradesmen's poetical advertisements. As has been the case with other great secrets, it came to light through the most trivial means: a claim of ten shillings for work performed—the composing of a lay for a pork-butcher. This patron sometimes paid him in kind, with sausages (a pair for a couplet), but this particular job (as I am sorry to say it was entitled by the poet himself) was to be remunerated in current coin. The question before the court was one of literary merit: the bard entertained the usual opinion of his own compositions, while his employer maintained that "his old tom cat could write better poetry." It was a painful case throughout, independent of its tearing away the veil from an anonymity hitherto respected. Quotations were freely given—

Good people, as you pass, be sure to stop
And buy your legs of pork from Jones's shop.

"Do you call that poetry?" inquired the butcher. The plaintiff declined to discuss the matter, and icily replied, "It rhymes." It would have been better, perhaps, to have maintained a contemptuous silence, for the defendant instantly rejoined, "Does this rhyme?"—

Buy peas puddings from him when you want to dine,
And if you go there once you will for many a time.

This certainly does not seem a favourable specimen of the commercial muse. The butcher declared he had got better verses for half the money from a professional who wrote songs for the music-halls. "So do I," said the defendant darkly; "and they have been sung too." This evidence of poetical talent seems to have been accepted as conclusive, for he got his ten shillings out of the butcher. Judging, however, from the quotations, there would appear to be an opening in the advertisement line for a poet of even moderate abilities.

A medical correspondent, in connection with the theory advanced in a recent issue of the "Notes" that the excessive discomfort of plunging into cold water may partly account for the decrease of suicides by drowning during the winter months, is so good as to send me the results of his professional observation. He has been an emigrant surgeon for almost half a century, and has crossed the Atlantic nearly seven hundred times. During this experience, "I have," he says, "witnessed many suicides by drowning, but never have I known man or woman go overboard voluntarily in stormy weather. It is only when the sea is calm and the wind low that the thing is done."

A great effort, we are told, is being made to celebrate the tercentenary of the potato—the first one having been planted in a garden in Holborn in 1597. I really think this might have been spared us. With the Diamond Jubilee on hand, we have really no enthusiasm to spare for the commemoration of vegetable longevity. And why is the potato to be thus honoured, and the artichoke and the asparagus to be ignored? Perhaps the promoters see their opportunity of letting off an after-dinner joke or two about the toast of the evening wearing "jackets," or being "mashed" in his old age, but they should learn how to resist such temptations. It would serve them right to start a commemoration of the onion in opposition. It would appeal—and strongly—to still another sense, and, wrapped up in the chairman's napkin, evoke pathos, or, at least, tears.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

All the omens in the East point to war. The "Ethnike Hetaira," a national patriotic organisation in Greece, has escaped from the control of the Greek Government and has sent several bands of irregulars across the frontier. There has been some desperate fighting between these bands and the Turkish troops, and it is said that the Turks have exchanged shots with the outposts of the Greek regular army. It is quite clear that the forces under the Crown Prince have had nothing to do with the invasion; but in the present temper of the Sultan, and the lamentable vacillation of the Powers, there is only too much likelihood that a conflict between Turkey and Greece will be precipitated. The attitude of the "Concert" is alone to blame. While the diplomats have been wrangling to no purpose about the proposed withdrawal of the Turkish troops from Crete, the Sultan has been stiffening his back. The undoubted promptitude and vigour of his military preparations have revived his independent spirit. Why should this master of legions permit the Powers to settle the basis of "autonomy" for the Cretans? They want to treat the "integrity" of his dominions as a mere formula; he is beginning to remind them that he thinks it a reality. So we have the suggestion of the Ambassadors at Constantinople that the Governor of Crete shall be a Christian, not in the service of the Sultan, met by the peremptory demand of the Porte that he shall be an Ottoman subject. This alone shows that the Sultan will not agree to "autonomy" if he can help it. The deliberations of the Ambassadors are cursed by the fatuity which distinguished their councils after the wholesale massacre of the Armenians at Stamboul. They have not "demanded" the withdrawal of the Ottoman troops from Crete; they have only "made representations" to that end. The distinction is no inference; it has been drawn by Mr. Curzon in the House of Commons. What this means is plain. The Powers cannot agree upon this measure nor upon anything else. England, we know, believes that the withdrawal of their troops is essential to the pacification of Crete. France and Italy are said to take the same view; but Russia and Austria are apathetic, and Germany is studiously hostile to every proposal dictated by reason and common sense. The German Emperor is the one consistent marplot in the whole scandalous muddle. If the Powers had agreed quickly to remove the Turkish troops, the Sultan would have offered no opposition; but the flagrant incapacity of the "Concert" has acted as a spur to the worst elements at Yildiz Kiosk.

With over a hundred thousand men on the Greek frontier, the Sultan is just in that mood for self-assertion which Europe has found unmanageable over and over again. On the Greek side there is no over-confidence, only a desperate conviction that the national honour cannot submit to surrender. King George has justly pointed out that Greece has made three proposals for the sake of peace—(1) the union of Greece and Crete, (2) the adoption of the Bosnian régime for the Cretans, (3) a plébiscite in the island. The Bosnian plan might have been adopted; some of the Powers suggested that Italy should appoint her chief Admiral as Governor of Crete, but this was vetoed by France. The principle of the plébiscite has been adopted by the Ambassadors at Constantinople; but they have not been able to secure the adhesion of their respective Governments. In the face of these circumstances what is the justice of blaming Greece for a situation which is due to the blundering of Europe? It is irrational to talk as if the whole mischief sprang from the raid of Colonel Vassos. Greece never moved a man or a ship till it was plain that the Powers had abandoned Crete to anarchy after the failure of the last scheme of reform. The expedition of Colonel Vassos was then made in response to the popular feeling of the great majority in Crete, who have always been in favour of annexation. To ignore this fact is to ignore the history of Crete during all the insurrections of the present century. Besides, at least three of the Powers are in favour of the ultimate union of the Greeks and Cretans, and the increased strength this would give to Greece is obviously in the interests of those Powers who are not playing the game of Russia. A stronger Greece would not suit the policy of St. Petersburg, and there is too much reason to suspect that this is why Russia has been egging on the Sultan to precipitate a war. A struggle in which the Greeks should be worsted would suit Russia admirably; but it would certainly not suit the interests of Great Britain. This aspect of the case deserves to be seriously studied, not only

by the friends of Greece in this country, but also by politicians whose antipathy to the Greeks and whose acquiescence in the Russian strategy are among the surprises of the whole imbroglio.

As we go to press, peace is still unbroken, though the omens point to the imminence of war. Turkey has refrained from retaliating for the incursion of the patriotic irregulars into her territory, recognising that the fighting which ensued therefrom was not authorised by the Greek Government. Full accounts of the fighting and its possible results, however, have yet to be received, but the news already telegraphed shows the situation to be verging on open war. The Greek insurgents have captured the village of Baltino, after a severe struggle in which more than fifty of them perished. But though the Turkish loss seems to have been quite small, the troops stationed at Baltino were completely routed, and the Turkish reinforcements advancing towards Baltino were successfully cut off by the insurgents, who subsequently advanced on Grevena, with the intention of occupying first that position and then Janina.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MADAME SANS-GÈNE," AT THE LYCEUM.

Let it be said no more that Ellen Terry cannot play low comedy. True, Sans-Gène is by no means her first essay in that atmosphere. For years now she has been seen from time to time as Nance Oldfield, a part which is comic in the broadest sense. Still, many of her devoted admirers persisted in putting away from them the thought

Without abating our admiration of that delightful actress, we fancy that Ellen Terry, while not a whit less *gamine* than her predecessor, brings to the part a more impulsive womanhood, a greater spontaneity of humour and feeling. This idea may be due in some measure to the circumstance that the English impersonation is fresher in the memory than the French. If we make allowance for that, we must also allow for those difficulties of the English artist which were not present in the French interpretation. Ellen Terry is not speaking the original tongue of *Sans-Gène*. Instead of the *argot* of the Rue St. Anne, or Sardou's equivalent, Mr. Comyns Carr is compelled, in his English version, to give us selections from the eloquence of our modern lodging-house "slavery." It follows that every line is out of harmony with the surroundings. We have the Paris mob of the Tenth of August, 1792, talking like people at a Hyde Park demonstration. An urchin in a cocked hat, sent on an errand by *Sans-Gène* in the midst of the tumult caused by the capture of the Tuilleries, answers her in a Cockney accent, "Yes, Miss." Mr. Comyns Carr might have spared us the "Miss." It would be just as absurd for Lefèvre to speak of his wife as the "Missis." Certain conventions ought to be observed in an English adaptation from a French play, even though a muddle of the forms of address is inevitable. These anachronisms, however, are not so serious as the really grave defects of the play, much more conspicuous in the adaptation than in the original. The moment the intrigue begins—and let the censors of Mr. Pinero observe that it does not begin till we have had the prologue, the first act, and most of the second—the actual interest is weakened. We do not care a button about De Neipperg and his supposed love affair with the Empress Marie Louise, who is not visible. The Emperor's sudden jealousy is made far stronger dramatically by Sir Henry Irving than it was in the French performance; but whether Napoleon carries out his threat to shoot this meddlesome Austrian gentleman—Mr. Ben Webster's aspect, by the way, in this character is the most Austrian illusion we remember—or lets him off on the strength of a stale old stage device of an intercepted letter, is a matter of no importance. The whole construction of the play, and much of the characterisation, belong to a pre-historic era. We rarely see such fossilism, even at the Adelphi. But *Sans-Gène* in her laundry, *Sans-Gène* learning the arts of graceful deportment from a dancing-master, *Sans-Gène* speaking home truths to Napoleon's insolent sisters, *Sans-Gène* defeating the Emperor's project of divorcing her from her husband, and recalling old associations to the terrible master of Europe by handing him an unpaid washing-bill, is simply irresistible in her mingled womanliness and raciness of the washtub. In our judgment, Réjane did not play the scene of the washing-bill with the splendid *élan* of her English contemporary.

As for our Napoleon, waddled or sheathed to an astonishing physical likeness of the great Emperor, except that the face is somewhat too ascetic for the body, he is the Corsican usurper of British tradition. His sudden lapse into the language of Corsica when scolding his sisters is brilliant in its characteristic suggestiveness. The ferocity of the attack on De Neipperg, who is nearly strangled, is terrific. We are not permitted in this piece to see much of Napoleon's intellect; we see a primal animal who leaps like a tiger when he is angry, and pinches the ear of *Sans-Gène* when he is pleased. Within its restricted scope this is an extremely powerful study, and takes a notable place in Sir Henry Irving's historical portrait-gallery. As a picture, "Madame Sans-Gène" at the Lyceum has that wondrous scenic life which our Napoleonic manager breathes throughout his mastery of the stage.

BUTTERFLIES.

(See Supplement.)

Summer is coming, or at any rate Spring, though icy blasts as yet forbid the most venturesome to go a-maying in garb so summer-like as that of the dreaming maiden depicted in our Supplement to-day. Not yet for a space will the butterflies flaunt their beauty in the sun; but April gives place to the promise of May, and ere many weeks are over the butterflies will be with us again. And when they come "from out the skies," as Mr. John Davidson has sung, may they find many a net, fashioned for their capture, prove as harmless to their liberties as that which rests idly in the hands of the maiden of our picture, who stands lost in her day-dream of love.



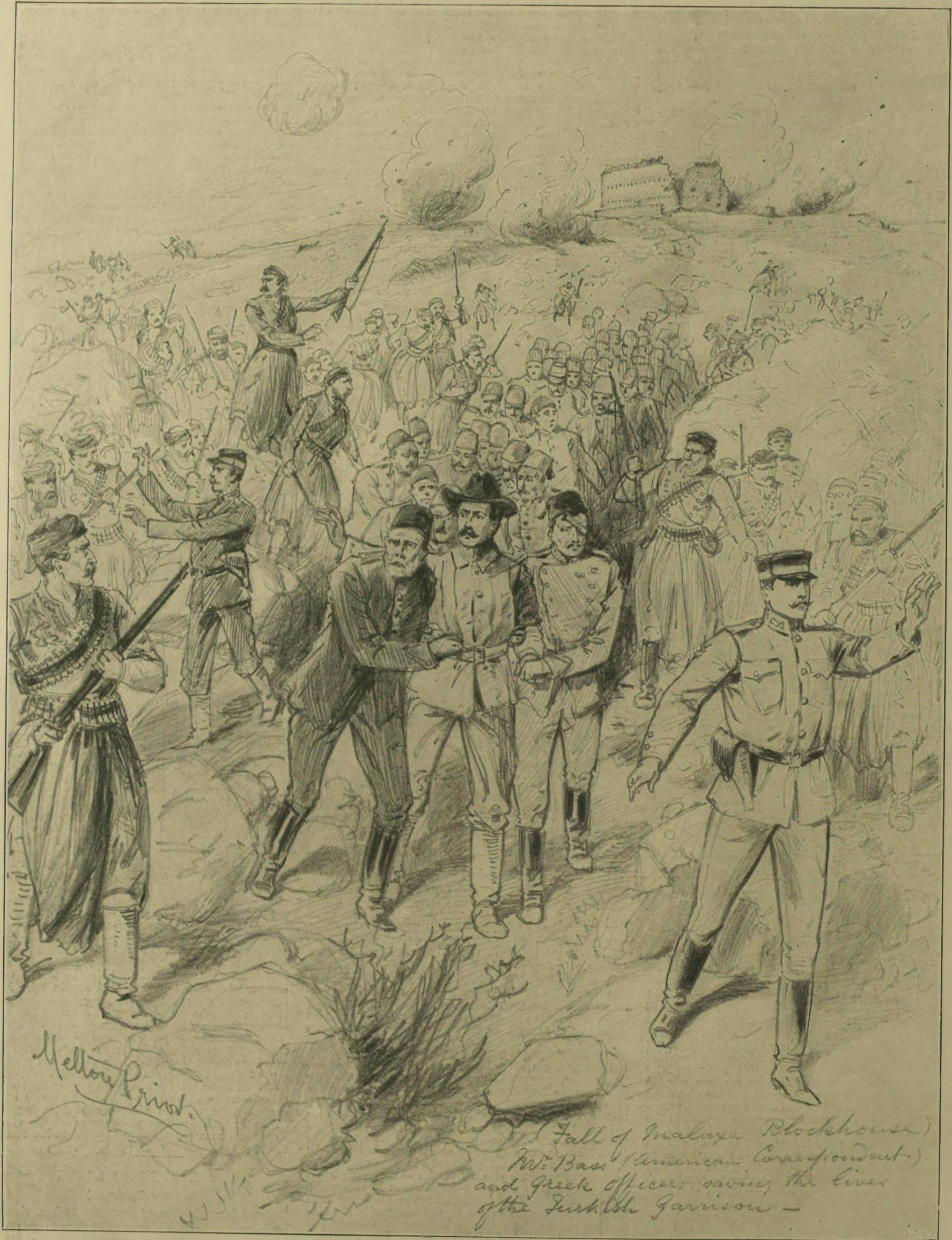
INTERNATIONAL OFFICERS' MESS INSIDE THE FORT OF BUTSUNARIA, WHICH PROTECTS THE WATER-SUPPLY OF CANEA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Metton Prior.

During the last week of March the insurgents' attack on Darabos and Butsunaria warned the representatives of the Powers that the springs from which Canea's main water-supply comes must be protected. On March 29, therefore, a mixed force of English, Italian, French, and Russian troops, numbering upwards of two hundred men, together with half a battalion of Turkish regulars and three guns, marched from Canea to Butsunaria and occupied the fort. The insurgent outpost's fired a few shots at the advancing force, but did not interfere with its entry of the fort.

that their idolised Ophelia, Portia, Beatrice, Olivia, Guinevere, could ever descend into the gutter of revolutionary Paris, and come out a washerwoman. A washerwoman she is at the Lyceum, all the same, and will be for many nights to come—a warm-hearted, outspoken daughter of the people, the people who are not choice in their phrases, and are destitute of "company manners." As Madame Sans-Gène, promoted from the laundry in the Rue St. Anne to Napoleon's Court at Compiègne, common of speech from first to last, but full of mother-wit and the milk of human kindness, Ellen Terry is not a jot less admirable and lovable than in any of the purely poetical impersonations which have made her fame. But is she vulgar? The question will be put by many people who do not distinguish between vulgarity of diction and vulgarity of soul. Much of the slang which Ellen Terry has to speak is quite startling to ears which are accustomed to the mellifluous lines of Shakespeare from those lips. "I have conn'd it, and 'tis poetical." Who that remembers the exquisite blending of delicacy and humour in that line of Viola's, as Ellen Terry spoke it—too many years ago, alack!—can repress a gasp when he hears her exclaim, as she bustles her workgirls about the laundry, "Stir your stumps"? But, as the play proceeds, it is clear that the soul of this washerwoman is vastly superior to her vocabulary, and that her single-heartedness throws contempt on the intriguing spirits by whom she is surrounded. Downright honesty is the weapon with which she conquers Napoleon, even in the torrent of his wrath. This is no gloss of Ellen Terry's temperament on the *blanchisseuse* and the *vivandière*. It is the character as Sardou has drawn it, and as Réjane originally played it.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

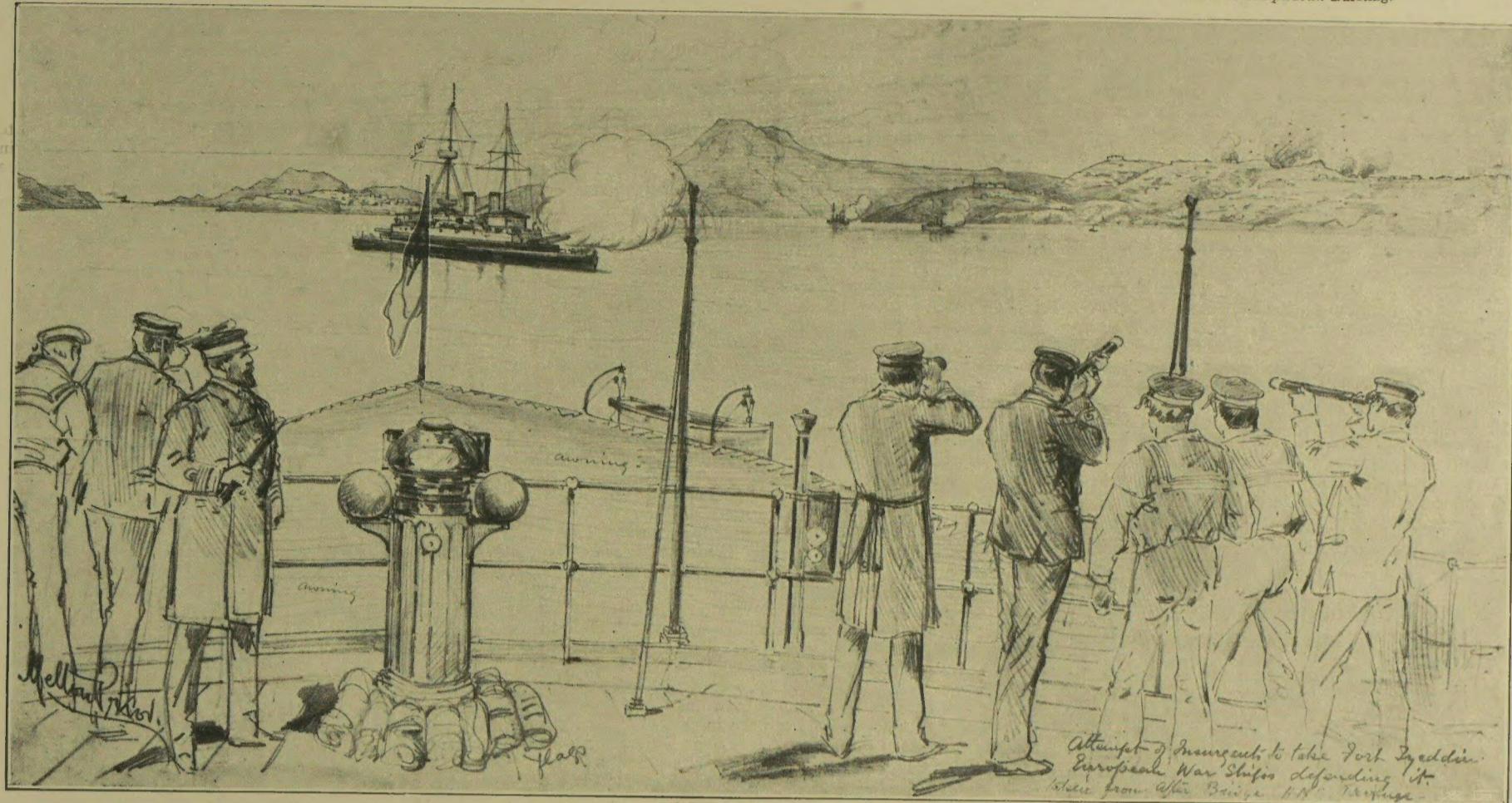


FALL OF THE BLOCKHOUSE AT MALAXA: AN AMERICAN WAR-CORRESPONDENT AND THE INSURGENT LEADER MANOS SAVING THE LIVES OF THE TURKISH GARRISON.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

When the Cretan insurgents had stormed the blockhouse of Malaxa and rushed forward to occupy the stronghold, the first man to enter the fort was the young insurgent leader Manos, who was but lately an undergraduate at Oxford. He was closely followed by Mr. Bass, an American war-correspondent; and these two men between them prevailed on the victorious force to spare the lives of most of the garrison, and rest content with taking them prisoners. Forty-three of the Turkish soldiers were taken as prisoners to Kontopulo under the fire of the war-ships of the Powers.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

H.M.S. *Camperdown* Firing 67-ton Gun.Shell of *Camperdown* Bursting.

INSURGENTS ATTEMPTING TO TAKE FORT IZZEDIN—WAR-SHIPS OF THE POWERS DEFENDING IT: VIEW FROM THE AFTER-BRIDGE OF H.M.S. "REVENGE."

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

On March 28 the insurgents made a second attack on the Aptera blockhouse, near Fort Izzedin, which commands the entrance to Suda Bay. They were repulsed by the fire of the English, Italian, and Russian war-ships, but renewed their attack two days later. The Turkish garrison in the fort responded with its artillery, and the war-ships in the bay kept up a constant fire upon the besieging force. At daylight next day the fight was resumed, but the fort was eventually occupied by a mixed detachment of the Powers under the command of Colonel Bor.



BASHI-BAZOUKS PASSING THE INTERNATIONAL REDOUBT ON THEIR WAY TO MAKE A SORTEE UPON THE REBELS.

From a Sketch by Mr. A. C. McNeill.

Writing from Candia on March 29, our Correspondent says: "It is now a daily occurrence for a motley crowd of Bashi-Bazouks to sally forth to battle with the insurgents around the town. All the people in the district, Cretan and Turkish alike, go about armed to the teeth with every available weapon. When the Bashi-Bazouks go out to battle some are mounted—often two on one donkey—and others go afoot. Most of them are persons of position, whose farms and property generally have been pilaged by the Christians. They supply themselves with rifles and ammunition."

PERSONAL.

The temper of the American Senate in regard to the Arbitration Treaty is well exemplified by Senator Hawley, who is reported to have said that, as England has "a great fleet" off Halifax and Bermuda, "no sane man would like to sign a peace agreement with another party if on looking through his front window he sees the enemy's sentinels parading before his house, and on looking through his back window he sees soldiers climbing over the garden wall." And yet Senator Hawley is nominally a supporter of the Treaty! The assumption that British ships and soldiers are threatening the United States is certainly not consistent with the sanity Senator Hawley professes to represent; but while such a fatuous delusion possesses the minds of public men in America it is useless to hope for arbitration.

Mr. G. W. Godfrey, who has died at the early age of fifty-three, was a dramatist of the school of T. W. Robertson. The traditions of "Caste" were carried on by "The Parvenu," *longo intervallo*. Mr. Godfrey wrote pleasant dialogue, notably in some short pieces, of which "My Milliner's Bill" is the best example. Of comedy in the real sense he had only a slight apprehension; but his talent for social caricature was often turned to account by popular players. Mr. Godfrey was one of the considerable band of civil servants who lighten the burden of their duties to the Government by agreeable excursions into literature and the drama.

The joy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin over the betrothal of the daughter of its Grand Duke has quickly been turned

into mourning by the sad death of the Grand Duke himself under peculiarly distressing circumstances. His Royal Highness, who was, as usual, wintering at Cannes for his health, had for some days been suffering intense pain consequent upon the rupture of an aneurism, and in a

moment of

delirium, it is supposed, he left the villa during a brief absence of his medical attendant, and threw himself from a neighbouring bridge, sustaining such injuries that he died half an hour after he had been found. The Grand Duke Frederick Francis III. was born in 1851, and succeeded his father in 1862. He married the Grand Duchess Anastasia Mikhaylovna, and their only son, a boy of fifteen, now succeeds to the title, under the regency of his uncle, Duke Johann Albrecht. A number of personal details concerning the late Grand Duke will be found on another page of this issue in an article on the betrothal of his daughter, the Duchess Alexandrine, which went to press before the sad death of the ruler of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

On the evening of Friday, April 9, the enterprise of Mr. Robert Newman introduced M. Paderewski to the solo concert which that famous pianist purposes to give in London this season, with the single exception, already recorded, of the first Philharmonic concert. The Queen's Hall was crowded for the occasion, and the orchestra was placed in the very capable hands of Mr. Henry Wood. M. Paderewski played in two well-known concertos, a Schumann and a Liszt, and in each case carried his audience easily with him. In the Schumann, particularly, the effect was magical; he seemed to create for one a land of dreams, into which his audience were transported by a kind of artistic miracle. Without any necessity for rhapsody, in a word, he proved his art to be of supreme quality. Mr. Wood's orchestra was in every possible way equal to the occasion in the one or two separate pieces played.

On the night of April 10 Mr. Henry Wood brought the series of Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts to their expected end. On that occasion he played his two favourite Wagnerian sensations, the "Walkürenritt" and the Prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin." He also rattled through a brilliant fantasia upon themes from "Tannhäuser," and Miss Maggie Purvis and Mr. Grover warbled popular songs to enchant the ear. On the whole Mr. Wood may be most cordially congratulated upon his triumph during the past season. He has proved that in order to ensure a popular success it is not by any means necessary to condescend to vulgar taste, and indeed his Wagner nights—when he did not hesitate to play some of that composer's most individual work—have been hugely patronised by enormous houses. He has also introduced to the public a considerable bulk of new compositions of a somewhat lighter order, and has thereby earned an enviable reputation for energy and enterprise. It is interesting to note that the series will be resumed for an autumn season on Aug. 28.

The death of Dr. George Mursell Garrett deprives Cambridge of its chief academic musician, and ends the life-work of a composer who long since proved himself the lineal successor to the lengthy array of musicians known to fame solely or chiefly by their compositions for the service of the Church. Many of Dr. Garrett's anthems, chants, hymn tunes, and settings for various portions of the Anglican services are as widely known as those of any other composer of his kind. Dr. Garrett, who was sixty-three years old, received his earliest musical training at a very tender age as a choir-boy at the Cathedral of Winchester, his native town. At ten years of age he left Winchester to enter the choir of New College, Oxford, but returned to Winchester Cathedral a few years later to study under Samuel Wesley, to whom he subsequently acted as assistant organist. He was for a period organist of Madras Cathedral, but for the last forty years had been associated with the University of Cambridge, as organist to St. John's College, and since 1875 as organist to the University. He was also University Lecturer in Music. His loyal endeavours in the musical service of the University some two years ago received the official recognition of a handsome public testimonial presented by the Vice-Chancellor.

Many people of diverse opinions will learn with relief that Mr. Athelstan Riley is about to retire from the London School Board. Mr. Riley has played a conspicuous part in the religious controversy of the last few years. He considers that his work as a champion of sectarian education is ended, so far as the Board is concerned; but a man of such energy cannot be idle, and he seems disposed to transfer his gifts from London's educational Parliament to the House of Commons. The Church party in the House ought to welcome so notable a recruit, while the men who are engaged in the actual administration of Board schools cannot regret the withdrawal from their midst of so vigorous a foe of the Act of 1870.

The name of Dr. Heinrich von Stephan, who died last week at the age of sixty-six, will go down to history not only as that of a great German, but as that of one of the leading pioneers of development in the postal service of the world. All Europe is his debtor for the successfully organised efficiency of her postal service at the present time, and for the introduction of the convenient and economical post-card.

The son of a Pomeranian artisan, he won rapid promotion in the Civil Service of Germany, and at twenty-five became confidential Secretary to the Post Office at Berlin. In that

capacity he worked out his postal tariff between Prussia and the Austro-German Postal Union just forty years ago, and later on it was at his instigation that the Government took over the postal arrangements of which the house of Thurn and Taxis had previously held a monopoly. The consolidation of the North German League enabled him to carry out his schemes for a general German tariff, and in 1870 he was made Postmaster-General. In 1875, after he had set the machinery of his skilful organisation to work throughout the States of Germany, he was largely responsible for the Universal Postal Union. In 1880 the dignity of Secretary of State was bestowed upon him, but recent developments in the telegraph and telephone systems of Germany still found in him their inspiration.

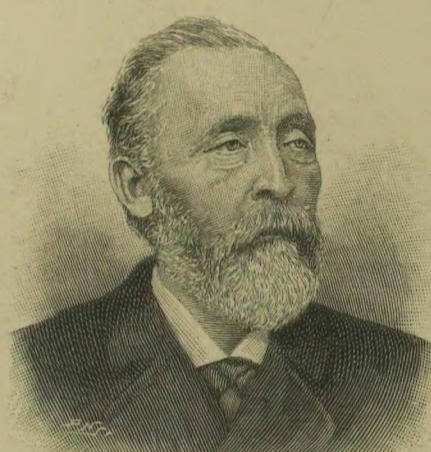
During three days of last week the Bach Choir has been busily engaged over the celebration of the Bach Festival at the Queen's Hall. It is, no doubt, an excellent thing that the great Leipzig composer should be honoured duly by an English choir that takes its very name from him, but it is now more or less freely acknowledged that Dr. Stanford is not an ideal conductor of Bach, and that it is possible to hear that musician's works sung better than by the Bach Choir. The Matthew Passion, the B Minor Mass, and a programme of selections filled the tale of their doings, which were conducted with a customary solemnity and dignity. Need more be said? No ordinary conductor in the world could pull through great performances of the Matthew Passion and the B Minor Mass, and it perhaps sufficed that the Bach Choir under Professor Stanford should have done as much as it actually succeeded in doing.

A distinguished military veteran has passed away in General Sir George Malcolm, who died last week at the age of seventy-nine. The son of a well-known Bombay merchant, Sir George was born in India, but was sent to England as a child, and spent his schooldays at Blundell's, Tiverton, which has been the training-ground of many a stalwart soldier since the days when Loran a Dooone's future lover fought his mighty fight in its ancient playground. After completing his education at Edinburgh University and Addiscombe College, Sir George obtained his commission in the Bombay Army in 1836, and served in the Afghan Campaign of 1838-39. For the next ten years he served with the Scinde Irregular Horse, and distinguished himself at the battles of Nafoosk and Gujerat, and in 1851 was appointed to the command of a detachment of Southern Mahratta Horse in Persia. He won the thanks of the Government of India and the dignity of C.B. by his capture of the Forts of Hulgullee-Shorapor and Murgood, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his services in the Abyssinian Campaign of 1868. Sir George, who was knighted in that year, subsequently held several commands in the Indian Army, but retired from active service some years ago.

By no means the least interesting of the many testimonials of esteem which have been prompted by the appointment of Sir Alfred Milner to be Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner of South Africa is that which commemorates the new Governor's work during his tenure of the Chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue. In the course of the five years during which he held office in that capacity, Sir Alfred won the regard of all ranks of the Excise service by his considerate treatment of all the officials with whom his work brought him into contact, and the removal of certain long-standing grievances through his influence added to his general popularity. The whole of the Inland Revenue department, therefore,

joined heartily in speeding him over-sea with a banquet and a handsome presentation of silver, consisting of wine-jugs, flower-vases, fruit-stands, and candelabra, the handiwork of Messrs. Elkington, of Regent Street. We here reproduce certain of the most striking pieces of the service.

Mr. Goschen has been talking about British soldiers and bluejackets. He suggests that Sir Alfred Milner should refresh his energies with a sight of these warriors when he goes to South Africa. This speech has caused no little commotion, as it is construed in some quarters to mean that the Government are threatening the Transvaal. This may be a response to the warlike sentiment of many colonists in South Africa, or it may be simply supplementary to Mr. Chamberlain's statement that Great Britain means to be the predominant power in that part of the world. This is a useful hint not only to President Kruger, but also to a certain restless personage at Berlin.

Photo Clarke, Cambridge.
THE LATE DR. GARRETT.Photo Reichard and Lindner, Berlin.
THE LATE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.Photo Maull and Fox, Regent Street.
THE LATE SIR GEORGE MALCOLM, G.C.B.

THE LATE DR. VON STEPHAN.



SILVER PLATE PRESENTED TO SIR ALFRED MILNER BY THE INLAND REVENUE DEPARTMENT.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Cimiez, Nice, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, was visited on Saturday by the Queen of Hanover and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. She visited last week the Prince of Wales on board his yacht the *Britannia*, in the harbour of Nice, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, at Nice, and the Marquis of Salisbury, at Beaulieu. The Bishop of Ripon preached on Sunday at the private chapel fitted up for the Queen and royal family at their residence. It is expected that her Majesty will be at Windsor on April 30, on her return to England.

The Prince of Wales left Cannes on Saturday afternoon, and was in Paris on Sunday. His Royal Highness on April 8 laid the foundation-stone of the new British Hospital at Cannes; a consecration service was performed by the Bishop of Gibraltar; Lord Rendel, Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow, and Sir James Harris, British Consul, were present. At Mentone on Saturday Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein unveiled the drinking-fountain presented by Mr. T. Hanbury to that town.

Political speeches have been delivered by Lord Kimberley at a meeting of Surrey Liberals of the Chertsey Division, by Mr. Gerald Balfour at Leeds, and by Lord George Hamilton at Nottingham to Conservative audiences; the National Agricultural Union has held a meeting; and the Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed

Besnard, the Minister of Marine, who declared "that it would be impossible for France to equal the sea power of Great Britain without at least trebling her present naval expenditure."

At Bialocerkiew, in Galicia, Austrian Poland, a hundred and fifty valuable racehorses were destroyed by the burning of Count Branicki's stables.

The Italian Government on Monday at the close of the debate on the affairs of Crete and Greece, with a speech by the Marquis di Rudini, Prime Minister, obtained a favourable vote of the Chamber by 278 against 132. The Premier declared that Italy could not undertake police duty in Crete, but would remain faithful to the Concert of the European Powers, which, far from wishing to oppress the Cretans, meant to arrange for the freedom and autonomy of that island, and to be useful to the welfare of its population, while maintaining general peace.

The British diplomatic mission to Abyssinia, conducted by Mr. Rennell Rodd, has arrived at Harar from the sea-coast, and is journeying to Aris Adeba, the capital of the Emperor Menelik.

THE SOUTH AFRICA COMMITTEE.

Some fresh personal interest was added to the proceedings of the House of Commons Committee on Tuesday and Friday last week by the refusal of Sir John

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons has adjourned for Easter after an ineffectual debate on the Eastern crisis. It was ineffectual because no information was furnished by the Government as to a policy which fills the great bulk of their supporters with misgiving. Mr. Balfour taunted Sir William Harcourt with the ambiguity of the motion which the Government had refused to discuss. Certainly, a motion declaring that Crete and Greece ought not to be coerced is not in the least ambiguous. As Sir William Harcourt said, such a motion, had it been carried, would have involved the fall of the Cabinet. The leader of the Opposition repudiated the coercion of Greece in any circumstances whatever and the "integrity" of the Ottoman Empire. If that is not a definite policy, what is? Mr. Balfour was asked to state why the Cretans were coerced, why the Turkish troops were not withdrawn from Crete, and what would happen if the island continued to reject "autonomy" and to demand union with Greece. The leader of the House was unwilling or unable to answer these questions. He did not deny that the "Concert" had failed, but he asserted that the failure would have been ten thousand times worse if England had taken a different course. No evidence in support of this proposition was addressed or even hinted at. Mr. Curzon stated that the Turks did not regard the raid of the Greek irregulars over the frontier as authorised by the Greek Government, and were



DR. JAMESON AND SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY BEFORE THE SOUTH AFRICA INQUIRY COMMITTEE.

the Church Defence Committee on the education question. Mr. Goschen spoke on Saturday at a farewell dinner given to Sir Alfred Milner by the members of the Inland Revenue Department on his departure to South Africa. A meeting at the Westminster Hotel, on the treatment of native races in Africa, was addressed by Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. John Morley, and Sir Charles Dilke.

At Chelsea Hospital on Saturday the Duke of Cambridge unveiled a memorial tablet in honour of the late Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, who was Governor of that institution.

The Foreign Office entirely denies the statement of a Capetown newspaper relating to an intended purchase or lease from Portugal of the harbour of Delagoa Bay, or of Inyack Island, or any other Portuguese territory in South Africa.

The British Channel Squadron, under command of Lord Walter Kerr, Vice-Admiral, has been visiting Barcelona, where it was received with due honours and festive hospitality by the Spaniards and by the English residents at that port.

The German Emperor will visit the Emperor of Austria at Vienna on April 21, but will stay only one day. The Emperor of Austria will afterwards visit St. Petersburg and Berlin.

The French Chamber of Deputies has been further occupied with discussions of the revived Panama Canal bribery scandals, but with no additional solid proofs of corrupt dealings by eminent politicians. On Monday a statement concerning the French Navy was made by Admiral

Willoughby, lately holding the rank of Major in the Queen's Army, to explain the purport of his letter written on Sept. 1 from Holloway Prison to the War Office, and by the apparent discrepancy between his statements and those of Dr. Jameson. In that letter, which was laid before the Committee, with the official reply to it dated Sept. 15, by order of the Secretary of State for War, Sir John Willoughby had pleaded for himself and the other officers whose commissions were forfeited that they had acted in pursuance of orders received from Dr. Jameson, the Administrator of Matabeleland, having been informed by him that the steps taken in preparing the military expedition and going into the Transvaal were adopted with the knowledge and assent of the Imperial authorities. Sir John Willoughby again declared before the Committee that this was his honest and *bona fide* belief, from private information given to him by Dr. Jameson, but he would not answer any questions put to him about what Dr. Jameson had said to him in their conversations upon the subject, nor would he say who were the "Imperial authorities" referred to in his letter.

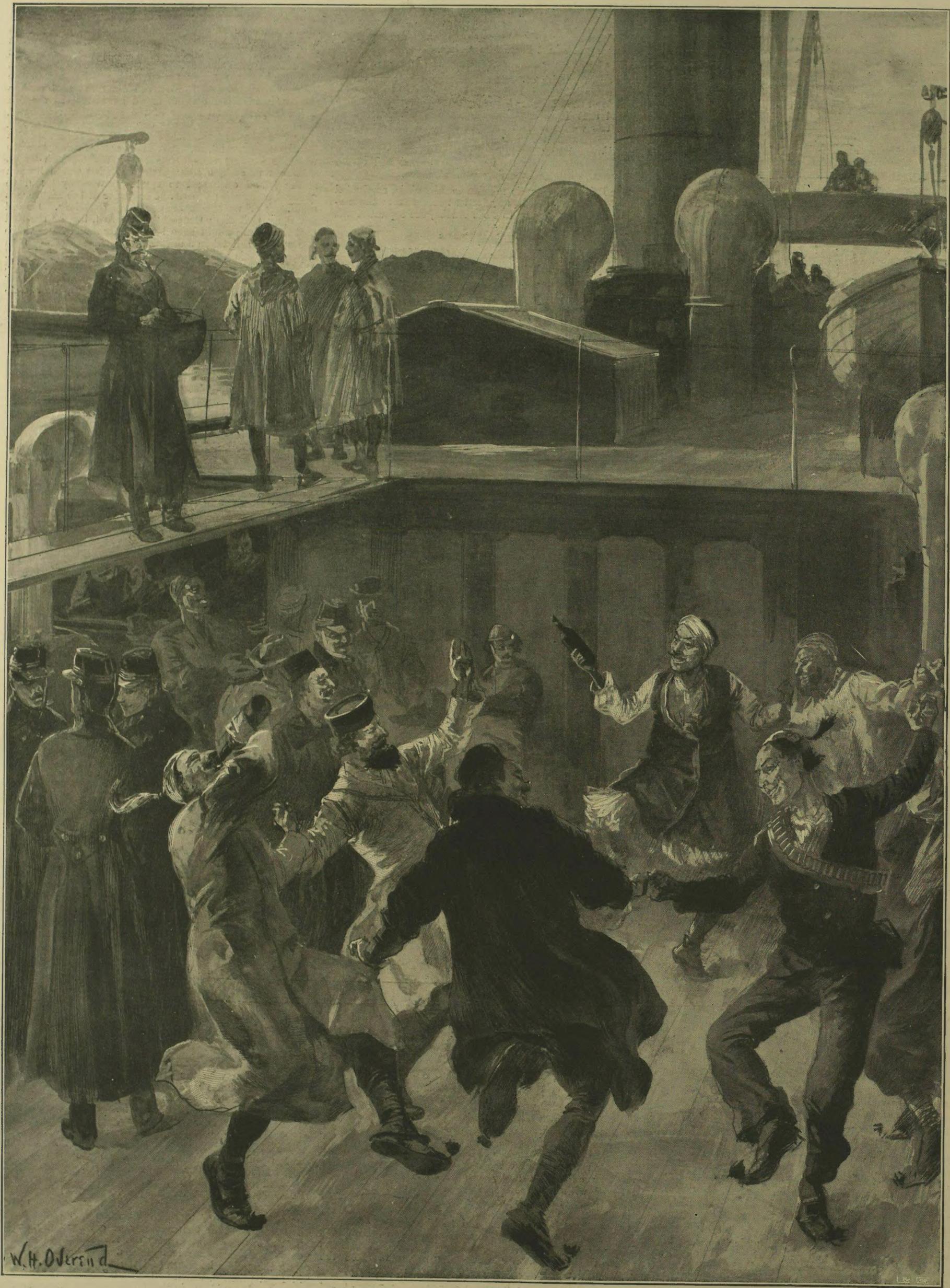
At the adjourned meeting, however, on Friday, Dr. Jameson himself being recalled as a witness, and giving his own account of whatever he had said or had meant to say to Sir John Willoughby before the expedition to Johannesburg, his evidence was accepted with the assent of Sir John Willoughby, who further now admitted that the letter to the War Office, drafted by his solicitor, hastily copied and signed and sent, for the purpose of saving his brother officers from losing their commissions, went beyond what was justified by Dr. Jameson's communications to him.

indisposed to retaliate by a declaration of war if such an incursion were not repeated. This is very well, but no thanks for it are due to the "Concert." More than one Conservative, in the course of the debate, expressed dissatisfaction with the drift of affairs. Mr. Legh, it is true, defended the "autonomy," but the question is not what Mr. Legh supposes "autonomy" to mean, but what the Cretans think of it. Mr. Legh thinks "coercion" a very good thing, but if the Cretans decline to be "coerced," what then? Mr. Balfour made the surprising statement that the Ottoman troops in Crete were of service to the Powers, and completely under European control. This is flatly opposed to the evidence of the Admirals and of every newspaper correspondent on the spot. When it is perfectly notorious that the whole mischief of the situation centres on the presence of these Turks, when Mr. Balfour himself has admitted the necessity of getting them out, to talk about the services they are rendering fills one with despair. The House has made a good deal of progress with the public business, and the very important change in legal practice, which will enable prisoners in criminal cases to give evidence in their own defence, has passed the second reading.

The King of the Belgians, with Princess Clémentine, has gone to Milan and other cities of Italy for a short visit.

There was a disaster on Sunday at Brousse, in the South of France: by the falling of the roof of the church, during public worship, eight persons were killed and thirty others badly hurt.

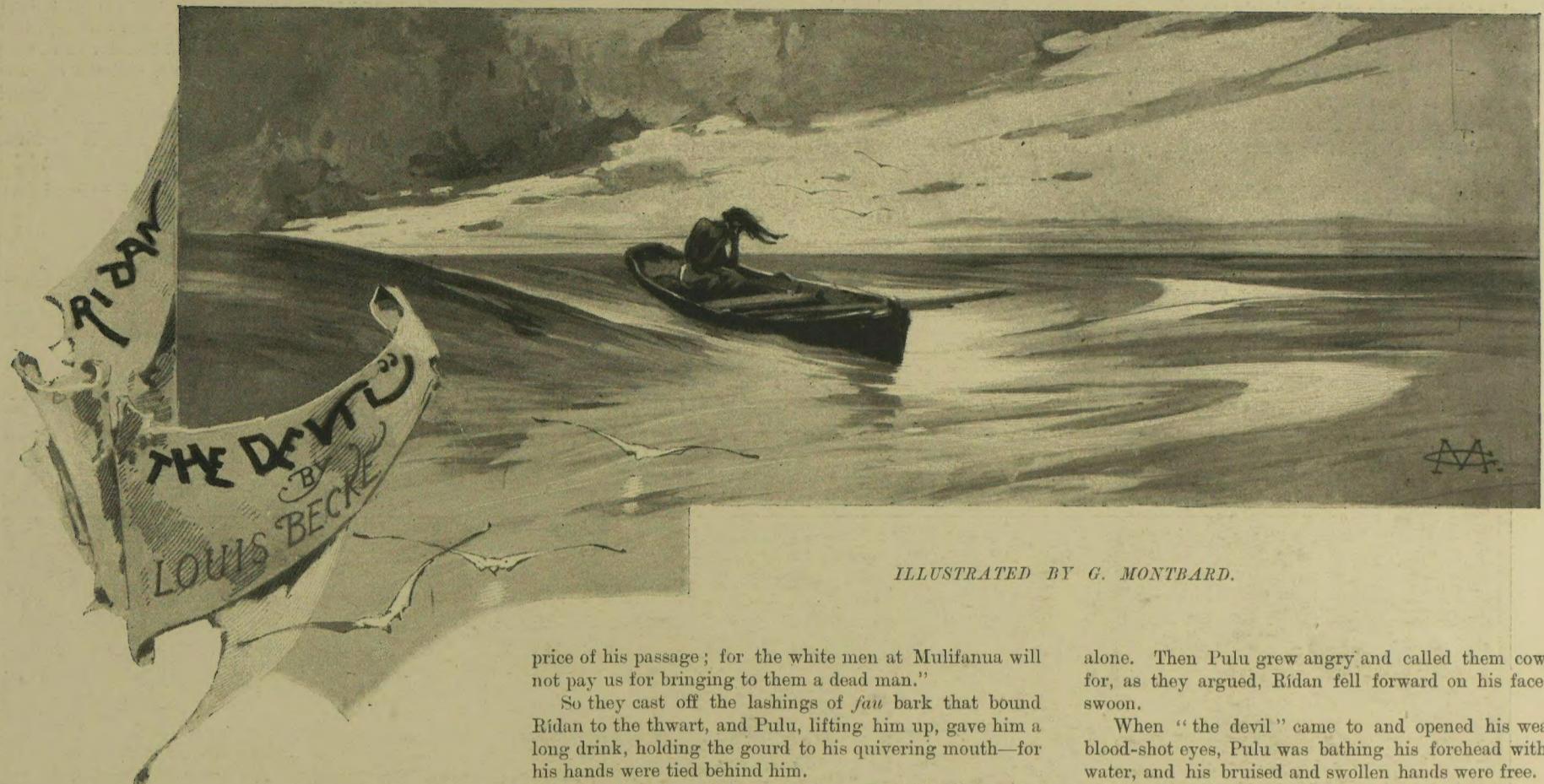
THE EASTERN CRISIS.



GREEK PATRIOTS BOUND FOR VOLO AND THE FRONTIER PERFORMING A NATIVE DANCE ON BOARD SHIP.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

In explanation of the sketch here reproduced, our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, says: "Volo, April 2. Arrived here after a pleasant passage on board a typical Greek post and cargo steamer, one of a number of similar boats which are now doing a brisk traffic with passengers bound for Volo and thence to the Greek frontier. Our crew consisted of Greek sailors in the picturesque garb of the Aegean islanders. The passengers consisted of soldiers, patriots, and socialists of various nationalities, anxious to strike a blow on behalf of Greece, together with fellows joined in the chorus, and danced to the rhythm of the song. The performance began with a dirge-like song chanted by one man. Gradually his liberty, together with four Swedish officers of position who had resigned their commissions in order to take service with Greece."



ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTBARD.

RIDAN lived alone in a little hut on the borders of the big German plantation at Mulifanua, away down at the lee end of Upolu Island. And every one of his brown-skinned fellow-workers either hated or feared him, and smiled when Burton, the American overseer, would knock him down for being a "sulky brute." But no one of them cared to let Ridan see him smile. For to them he was a devil, a wizard who could send death in the night to those he hated. And so he was blamed for every death on the plantation, and seemed to like it. Once, when he lay ironed hand and foot in the stifling corrugated iron "calaboose" with his blood-shot eyes fixed in sullen rage on Burton's angered face, Tirauro, a Gilbert Island native assistant overseer, struck him on the mouth and called him "a pig cast up by the ocean." This was to please the white man. But it did not, for Burton, cruel as he was, called Tirauro a coward and felled him at once. By ill-luck he fell within reach of Ridan, and in another moment the manacled hands had seized his enemy's throat. For five minutes the three men struggled together, the white overseer beating Ridan over the head with the butt of his heavy Colt's pistol, and then when Burton rose to his feet the two brown men were lying motionless together; but Tirauro was dead.

Ridan was sick for a long time after this. A heavy flogging always did make him sick although he was so big and strong. And so, as he could not work in the fields, he was sent to Apia to do light labour in the cotton-mill there. The next morning he was missing. He had swum to a brig lying at anchor in the harbour and hidden away in the empty forehold. Then he was discovered and taken ashore to the mill again, where the foreman gave him "a dose of Cameroons medicine"—that is, twenty-five lashes.

"Send him back to the plantation," said the manager, who was a mere German civilian, and consequently much despised by his foreman, who had served in Africa, "I'd be afraid to keep him here, and I'm not going to punish him if he tries to get away again."

So back he went to Mulifanua. The boat voyage from Apia down the coast inside the reef is not a long one, but the Samoan crew were frightened to have such a man free; so they tied him hand and foot and then lashed him down tightly under the midship thwart with strips of green *fau* bark. Not that they did so with unnecessary cruelty, but ex-Lieutenant Schwartzkoff, the foreman, was looking on, and then, besides that, this big-boned, light-skinned man was a foreigner, and a Samoan hates a foreigner of his own colour if he is poor and friendless. And then he was an *aiti*, a devil, and could speak neither Samoan, nor Fijian, nor Tokelau, nor yet any English or German. Clearly, therefore, he was not a man at all and not to be trusted with free limbs. Did not the foreman say that he was possessed of many devils, and for two years had lived alone on the plantation, working in the field with the gangs of Tokelau and Solomon Island men, but speaking to no one, only muttering in a strange tongue to himself and giving sullen obedience to his taskmasters?

But as they talked and sang, and as the boat sailed along the white line of beach fringed with the swaying palms, Ridan groaned in his agony, and Pulu, the steersman, who was a big strong man and not a coward like his fellows, took pity on the captive.

"Let us give him a drink," he said; "he cannot hurt us as he is. Else he may die in the boat and we lose the

price of his passage; for the white men at Mulifanua will not pay us for bringing to them a dead man."

So they cast off the lashings of *fau* bark that bound Ridan to the thwart, and Pulu, lifting him up, gave him a long drink, holding the gourd to his quivering mouth—for his hands were tied behind him.

"Let him rest with his back against the side of the boat," said Pulu presently; "and, see, surely we may loosen the thongs around his wrists a little, for they are cutting into the flesh."

But the others were afraid, and begged him to let well

alone. Then Pulu grew angry and called them cowards, for, as they argued, Ridan fell forward on his face in a swoon.

When "the devil" came to and opened his wearied, blood-shot eyes, Pulu was bathing his forehead with cold water, and his bruised and swollen hands were free. For a minute or so he gasped and stared at the big Samoan, and a heavy sigh broke from his broad naked chest. Then he put his hands to his face—and sobbed.

Pulu drew back in wondering pity—surely no devil could weep—and then with a defiant glance at the three other Samoans, he stooped down and unbound Ridan's feet.

"Let him be," he said, going aft to the tiller. "We are four strong men—he is but as a child from weakness. See, his bones are like to cut through his skin. He hath been starved."

At dusk they ran the boat alongside the plantation jetty, and Pulu and another man led Ridan up the path to the manager's house. His hands were free, but a stout rope of *cinnet* was tied around his naked waist and Pulu held the end.

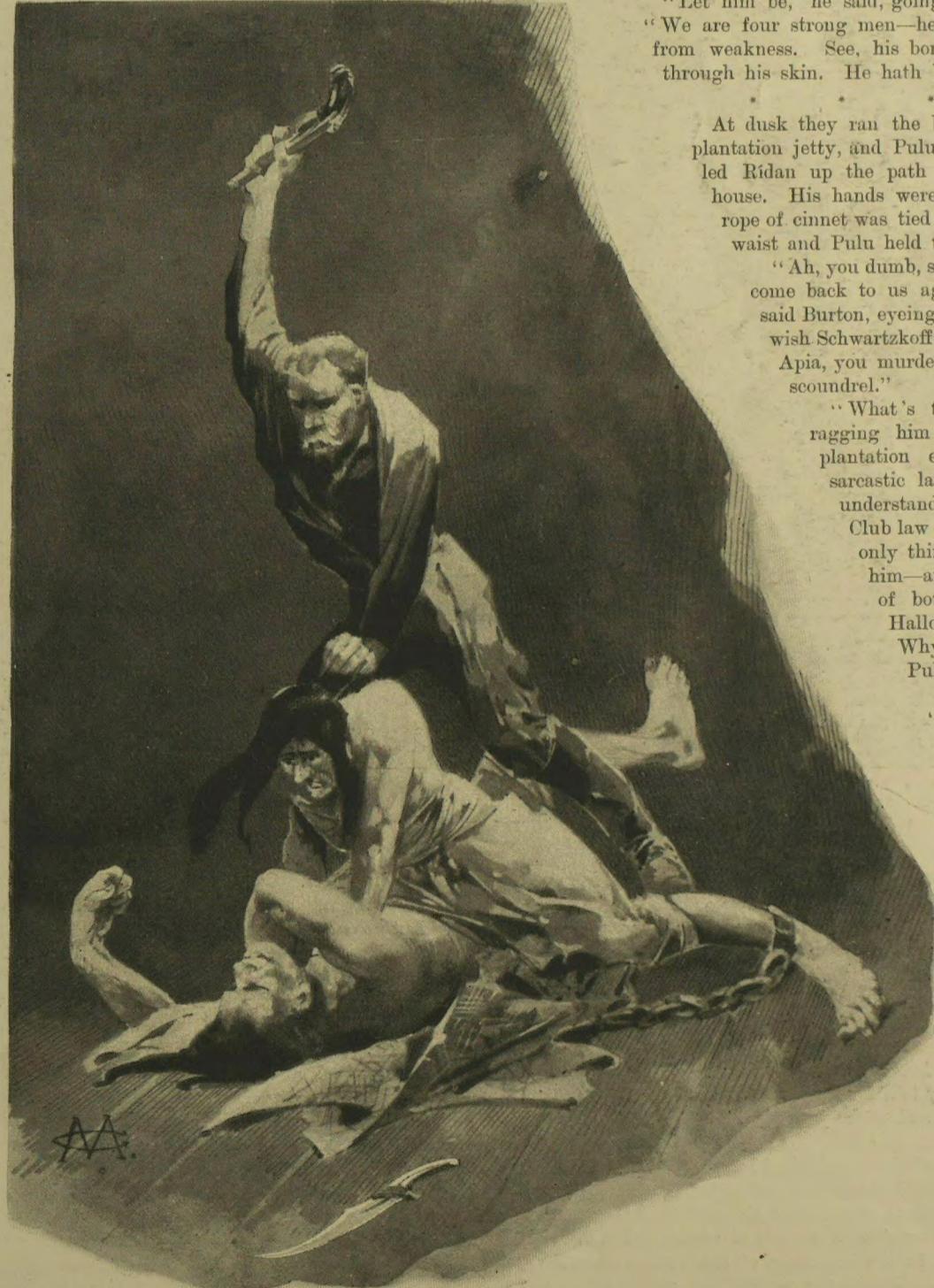
"Ah, you dumb, sulky devil; you've come back to us again, have you?" said Burton, eyeing him savagely. "I wish Schwartzkoff had kept you up in Apia, you murderous, yellow-hided scoundrel."

"What's the use of bullyragging him?" remarked the plantation engineer, with a sarcastic laugh; "he doesn't understand a word you say. Club law or the whip are the only things that appeal to him—and he gets plenty of both on Mulifanua. Hallo, look at that! Why, he's kissing Pulu's toe!"

Burton laughed. "So he is. Look out, Pulu, perhaps he's a *kai tagata* [cannibal]. Take care he doesn't bite it off."

Pulu shook his mop of yellow hair gravely. A great pity filled his big heart, for as he had turned to go back to the boat, Ridan had fallen upon his knees and pressed his lips to the feet of the man who had given him a drink.

That night Burton and the engineer went to



The three men struggled together, the white overseer beating Ridan over the head with the butt of his heavy Colt's pistol.

Ridan's hut, taking with them food and a new sleeping-mat. He was sitting cross-legged before a tiny fire of cocoanut-shells, gazing at the blue, leaping jets of flame, and as the two men entered, slowly turned his face to them.

"Here," said Burton, less roughly than usual, "here's some *kai kai* for you."

He took the food from Burton's hand, set it beside him on the ground, and then, supporting himself on his gaunt right arm and hand, gave the overseer one long look of bitter, undying hatred; then his eyes drooped to the fire again.

"And here, Ridan," said Craik, the engineer, throwing the sleeping-mat upon the ground, "that'll keep your auld bones frae cutting into the ground. And here is what will do ye mair good still," and he placed a wooden pipe and a stick of tobacco in "the devil's" hand. In a

that could be learned from him by signs and gestures was that a great storm had overtaken the canoe, many days of hunger and thirst had followed, and then death ended the agonies of all but himself.

In a few weeks, and while the brig was thrashing her way back to Samoa against the south-east trades, Ridan regained his health and strength and became a favourite with all on board, white and brown. He was quite six feet in height, with a bright yellow skin, bronzed by the sun; and his straight features and long black hair were of the true Malayo-Polynesian type. From the back of his neck two broad stripes of bright blue tattooing ran down the whole length of his muscular back and thence curved outwards and downwards along the back of his thighs, and terminated at each heel. No one on the *Iserbrook* had ever seen similar tattooing, and many were the conjectures as to

the lot you've brought this trip. I'll marry him to one of my wife's servants, and he'll live in clover down at Mulifanua."

So early next morning Ridan was put in a boat with many other new "boys," and he smiled with joy, thinking he was going back to the ship—and Oneata. But when the boat sailed round Mulinu'u Point, and the spars of the *Iserbrook* were suddenly hidden by the intervening line of palm-trees, a cry of terror burst from him, and he sprang overboard. He was soon caught, though he dived and swam like a fish. And then two wild-eyed Gilbert Islanders held him by the arms, and laughed as he wept and kept repeating "Oneata, Oneata!"

* * * * *

From that day began his martyrdom. He worked hard under his overseer, but ran away again and again, only to



He soon reached the boat, and, despite his own unwillingness, his crew insisted on his getting in.

moment Ridan was on his knees with his forehead pressed to the ground in gratitude.

The men looked at him in silence for a few moments as he crouched at Craik's feet with the light of the fire playing upon his tattooed yellow back and masses of tangled black hair.

"Come awa', Burton, leave the puri wrtch to himself. And I'm thinking ye might try him on the other tack awhile. Ye have not broken the creature's spirit yet, and I wouldna try to if I were you—for my own safety. Sit up, Ridan, mon, and smoke your pipe."

* * * * *

Two years before, Ridan had been brought to Samoa by a German labour-ship, which had picked him up in a canoe at sea, somewhere off the coast of Dutch New Guinea. He was the only survivor of a party of seven, and when lifted on board was in the last stage of exhaustion from thirst and hunger. Where the canoe had sailed from, and whither bound, no one on board the *Iserbrook* could learn, for the stranger spoke a language utterly unknown to any one of even the *Iserbrook's* polyglot ship's company—men who came from all parts of Polynesia and Micronesia. All

Ridan's native place. One word, however, he constantly repeated, "Oneata," and then would point to the north-west. But no one knew of such a place, though many did of an Oneaka, far to the south-east—an island of the Gilbert Group near the Equator.

The weeks passed, and at last Ridan looked with wondering eyes upon the strange houses of the white men in Apia harbour. By and by boats came off to the ship, and the three hundred and odd brown-skinned and black-skinned people from the Solomons and the Admiralties and the countless islands about New Britain and New Ireland were taken ashore to work on the plantations at Vailele and Mulifanua, and Ridan alone was left. He was glad of this, for the white men on board had been kind to him, and he knew now that he would be taken back to Oneata. But that night he was brought ashore by the captain to a house where many white men were sitting together smoking and drinking. They all looked curiously at him and addressed him in many island tongues, and Ridan smiled and shook his head and said, "Me, Ridan; me, Oneata."

"Leave him with me, Kühne," said Burton to the captain of the brig. "He's the best and biggest man of

be brought back and tied up. Sometimes, as he toiled, he would look longingly across the narrow strait of sunlit water at the bright green little island of Manono, six miles away; and twice he stole down to the shore at night, launched a canoe and paddled over towards it. But each time the plantation guard-boat brought him back; and then Burton put him in irons. Once he swam the whole distance, braving the sharks, and, reaching the island, hid in a taro swamp till the next night. He meant to steal food and a canoe—and seek for Oneata. But the Manono people found him, and though he fought desperately they overcame and bound him, and the women cursed him for an Tafito devil, a thieving beast, and beat and pelted him as the men carried him back to the plantation, tied up like a wild boar, and got their ten dollars reward for him from the manager. And Burton gave him thirty lashes as a corrective.

Then came long, long months of unceasing toil, broken only by attempts to escape, recapture, irons, and more lashes. The rest of the native labourers so hated and persecuted him that at last the man's nature changed, and he became desperate and dangerous. No one but Burton

dared strike him now, for he would spring at an enemy's throat like a madman, and half strangle him ere he could be dragged away stunned, bruised, and bleeding. When his day's slavery was over he would go to his hut, eat his scanty meal of rice, biscuit, and yam in sullen silence, and brood and mutter to himself. But from the day of his first flogging no word ever escaped his set lips. All these things he told afterwards to Von Hammer, the supercargo of the *Mindora*, when she came to Mulifanua with a cargo of new "boys."

* * * * *

Von Hammer had been everywhere in the North Pacific, so Burton took him to Ridan's hut, and called to the "sulky devil" to come out. He came, and sullenly followed the two men into the manager's big sitting-room, and sat down cross-legged on the floor. The bright lamp-light shone full on his nude figure and the tangle of black hair that fell about his now sun-darkened back and shoulders. And as on that other evening long before, when he sat crouching over his fire, his eyes sought Burton's face with a look of implacable hatred.

"See if you can find out where the brute comes from," said Burton.

Von Hammer looked at Ridan intently for a minute, and then said one or two words to him in a tongue that the overseer had never before heard.

With trembling limbs and a joyful wonder shining in his dark eyes, Ridan crept up to Von Hammer, and then in a voice of whispered sobs he told his two years' tale of bitter misery.

* * * * *

"Very well," said Burton an hour later to Von Hammer, "you can take him. I don't want the brute here. But he's a dangerous devil, mind. Where do you say he comes from?"

"Oneata—Saint David's Island—a little bit of a sandy atoll, as big as Manono over there, and much like it, too. I know the place well—lived there once when I was pearl-fishing, ten years ago. I don't think the natives there see a white man more than once in five years. It's a very isolated spot, off the north-east coast of New Guinea. However, let me have him. The *Mindora* may, perhaps, go to Manilla next year; if so, I'll land him at Oneata on our way there. Anyway, he's no good to you. And he told me just now that he has been waiting his chance to murder you."

The *Mindora* returned to Apia to take in stores, and Von Hammer took Ridan with him, clothed in a suit of blue serge, and with silent happiness illuminating his face. For his heart was leaping within him at the thought of Oneata and of those who numbered him with the dead. And when he clambered up the ship's side and saw Pulu, the big Samoan, working on deck with the other native sailors, he flung his arms around him and gave him a mighty hug, and laughed like a pleased child when Von Hammer told him that Pulu would be his shipmate till he saw the green land and white beach of Oneata once more.

* * * * *

Six months out from Samoa the *Mindora* was hove-to off Choiseul Island, in the Solomon Group, waiting for her boat. Von Hammer and four hands had gone ashore to land supplies for a trader, and the brig was awaiting his return. There was a heavy sea running on the reef as the boat pushed off from the beach in the fast-gathering darkness; but who minds such things with a native crew? So thought Von Hammer as he grasped the long, swaying steer-oar, and swung the whale-boat's head to the white line of surf. "Give it to her, boys; now's our chance—there's a bit of a lull now, eh, Pulu? Bend to it, Ridan my lad."

Out shot the boat, Pulu pulling stroke, Ridan bow-oar, and two sturdy square-built Savage Islanders amidships. Surge after surge roared and hissed past in the darkness, and never a drop of water wetted their naked backs; and then with a wild cry from the crew, and a shouting laugh from the steersman, she swept over and down the edge of the reef and gained the deep water—a second too late! Ere she could rise from the blackened trough a great curling roller towered high over, and then with a bursting roar fell upon and smothered her. When she rose to the surface Von Hammer was fifty feet away, clinging to the steer-oar. A quick glance showed him that none of the crew were missing—they were all holding on to the swamped boat and "swimming" her out away from the reef, and shouting loudly for him to come alongside. Pushing the steer-oar before him, he soon reached the boat,

and, despite his own unwillingness, his crew insisted on his getting in. Then, each still grasping the gunwale with one hand, they worked the boat out yard by yard, swaying her fore and aft whenever a lull in the seas came, and jerking the water out of her by degrees till the two Savage Islanders were able to clamber in and bale out with the wooden bucket slung under the after-thwart, while Von Hammer kept her head to the sea. But the current was setting them steadily along parallel with the reef, and every now and then a sea would tumble aboard and nearly fill her again. At last, however, the Savage Islanders got her somewhat free of water, and called to Pulu and Ridan to get in—there were plenty of spare canoe-paddles secured along the sides in case of an emergency such as this.

"Get in, Pulu, get in," said Ridan to the Samoan in English; "get in quickly."

But Pulu refused. He was a bigger and a heavier man than Ridan, he said, and the boat was not yet able to bear the weight of a fourth man. This was true, and Von Hammer, though he knew the awful risk the men ran, and urged them to jump in and paddle, yet knew that the additional weight of two such heavy men as Ridan and Pulu meant death to all, for every now and then a leaping sea would again fill the boat to the thwarts.

And then suddenly, amid the crashing sound of the thundering rollers on the reef, Ridan raised his voice in an awful shriek.

"Quick! Pulu, quick! The sharks have come. Get in, get in first," he said in his broken English. And as he spoke he grasped the gunwale with both hands and raised his head and broad shoulders high out of the water.

In an instant the big Samoan swung himself into the boat, and Von Hammer called to Ridan to get in also.

BETROTHAL OF PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.

It does not often happen that two royal betrothals are announced within so short a period as has lately brought the public declaration of the engagement of Prince Christian of Denmark and the Duchess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg-Schwerin almost simultaneously with that of the betrothal of Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg to Princess Anna of Montenegro, and the fact that both pairs of royal lovers have been sojourning in the Riviera of late adds a further link between two interesting announcements. As the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Christian is the ultimate heir to the Crown of Denmark, a circumstance which gives especial importance to his choice of a bride; and although the absence of political interests between Denmark and Mecklenburg makes it less necessary than usual for the romantic to insist upon the "genuine love affair" aspect of the engagement, it is understood that it is viewed with particular favour at the German and Russian Courts. Russian interest in the betrothal is, of course, twofold, the future bride's mother, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, being the daughter of the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, and consequently first cousin to the late Emperor Alexander III, and second cousin to the present Czar, to whom Prince Christian is himself first cousin.

Prince Christian is a stalwart young Dane, now in his twenty-seventh year, second in height among present-day Princes to none but Prince George of Greece, and of proportionately fine physique generally. He is a thorough all-round sportsman and a particularly fine horseman, and of late he has developed a great enthusiasm for cycling, in common with the other members of the Danish royal family. Divers, indeed, are the cycling yarns in which he figures, singly or in the company of his brothers and sisters and his English cousins. But the young Prince has not led merely a life of sport and pleasure, for he has been through the whole routine of military training, having been spared no jot of the regular discipline. He has been through the recruit drill of an ordinary private in the Danish Life Guards, and has since been attached to various regiments in different parts of the country. In still earlier years he passed his examinations at school and at the University of Copenhagen with flying colours, and his high spirits and simple, manly character made him a popular personality with

schoolboys and students alike. The same qualities, coupled with the added dignity of a due appreciation of the duties of his position, have made him no less popular in older society since he came to man's estate.

The Duchess Alexandrine is nine years younger than her royal fiancé, having been born in December 1879. Her father, the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is one of the wealthiest of German Princes, and the Duchess Alexandrine is his eldest child, one son and another daughter completing the family circle of the Grand Duke and Duchess. The Duchess Alexandrine is a very handsome girl, whose education has been closely supervised by her accomplished mother, with the result that she is well qualified in intellectual attainments to be the consort of a future King. At the same time she shares to the full her betrothed husband's sportsman-like tastes, being herself devoted to all forms of outdoor exercise. In this she has been encouraged by her father, who is an enthusiast on sport of all kinds, and is more particularly devoted to yachting and rowing.

Both at Schwerin, which boasts a fine stretch of lake, and at Cannes the Grand Duke is constantly on the water. Owing to her youth the Duchess Alexandrine has not long been known in Society, but she is a great favourite with all who have made her acquaintance, either within her father's domain or in the Riviera, where the Grand Duke and Duchess spend the greater part of each winter. Though still a young-looking man of forty-six, the Grand Duke Frederick Francis has for some years been a frequent sufferer from asthma, and for this reason he makes the picturesque Villa Wenden at Cannes his headquarters during the winter months. The same cause leads the Grand Duke and Duchess to make their Mecklenburg home for the most part at their shooting-box in the pine forests of Gelbensaude, instead of occupying the magnificent Schloss at Schwerin, which, therefore, generally forms the residence of the Dowager Grand Duchess Maria.



Photo Sonne, Copenhagen.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.



Photo Henschel, Schwerin.

THE DUCHESS ALEXANDRINE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

"Nay, oh white man!" he answered, in a strange, choking voice, "let me stay here and hold to the boat. We are not yet safe from the reef. But paddle, paddle . . . quickly!"

In another minute or two the boat was out of danger, and then Ridan's voice was heard.

"Lift me in," he said quietly, "my strength is spent."

The two Savage Islanders sprang to his aid, drew him up over the side, and tumbled him into the boat. Then, without a further look, they seized their paddles and plunged them into the water. Ridan lay in a huddled-up heap on the bottom boards.

"Exhausted, poor devil!" said Von Hammer to himself, bending down and peering at the motionless figure through the darkness. Then something warm flowed over his naked foot as the boat rolled, and he looked closer at Ridan, and—"Oh, my God!" burst from him. Both of Ridan's legs were gone—bitten off just above the knees.

Twenty minutes later, as the boat came alongside the *Mindora*, Ridan "the devil" died in the arms of the man who had once given him a drink.

THE END.

A new settlement for philanthropic and non-sectarian religious work, to be carried on by women, is soon to be inaugurated in the Isle of Dogs. The new establishment is being promoted by Miss Barry, the niece of Bishop Barry, and that enthusiastic worker herself will be joined by a number of other philanthropic ladies.

The days of the Bluecoat boys in the City are numbered, though not so narrowly as was at one time anticipated. It was thought they would have left their ancient haunts this spring, but their new abode is not likely to be ready for them for some time to come. The contract has, however, been made for the building operations, on the Christ's Hospital Estate at Horsham, to begin next October.



"COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY."—BY W. W. COLLINS.

Exhibited in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XLI.

Castle Howard.

CASTLE HOWARD, one of the country seats of the Earl of Carlisle, was built from designs by the late Sir John Vanbrugh, herald, dramatist, and architect; a fact made indisputable by its family likeness to an even better known building of Vanbrugh's, Blenheim, the mansion of the Dukes of Marlborough. Both are stamped with what one may call a Johnsonian classicism, pompous, self-assertive, and yet not without elements of largely felt proportions and dignity.

The dwelling of the Carlises is happily placed. It stands amid scenery richly varied and well wooded: scenery that is characteristic of Yorkshire, and dominated everywhere by the distant loftiness of York Minster. The captious may object that Castle Howard is not a castle; but I think we may take it that the name is older than the thing, and is a survival from the Norman Castle of Hinder-skelfe. This was built by the Baron of Greystock in the reign of Edward IV., and accidentally destroyed by fire shortly before Charles Howard, third Earl of Carlisle, projected the present house. He carried out his project between the years 1712 and 1731.

The great Howard family has been intimately connected with the history of England from quite early times; and the earldom of Carlisle has also a history of its own—perhaps in part something of a mythic one—before it was re-bestowed upon the present branch of the Howard family. It is said that a certain Randolph (or Rannulph) le Meschin accompanied the Conqueror in his invasion of England, and was by him, in 1072, created Earl of Carlisle. It is more sure that Sir Andrew de Hartcela was created Earl and Warden of Carlisle in 1296, and that, after he had enjoyed the title for some six-and-twenty years, he and it came to a most tragical termination together. Hartcela was extremely jealous of the favour shown by Edward II. to the family of the Despencers—so jealous, indeed, that he became involved in a series of plots which led him in the end to trial, Knaresborough, and condemnation as a traitor. His honours were declared forfeit, his sword was taken from him, and the spurs of knighthood were hacked from his heels. Then, after the barbarous fashion of the time, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

It is, again, possible, if not very likely, that the name and style of Earl of Carlisle were successively bestowed upon two English Princes who have both gained immortality at the hands of Shakspere—Prince John of Lancaster,

of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, a lady who became the theme of much contemporary verse, in view of her successive liaisons with Strafford and Pym. With James Hay, the son of this Earl, who died without heir in 1660, the title again became extinct.

In 1661 it was recreated in the person of Charles Howard, the first Earl of the present line. He was a great-grandson of the Elizabethan Lord William Howard, known to readers of Sir Walter Scott as "Belted Will," and decidedly the most striking and picturesque figure of this branch of the Howards. In "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Scott has given him a quasi-mythical character: made him a hero of romance, and accumulated many legends upon his head. This was, in truth, hardly necessary, for in plain history, "Bauld Willie"—as he was really called—is a sufficiently imposing figure, with deeds and fortunes to match his own vigorous personality. His wife, too, Lady Elizabeth Dacre, had personality if not personality of her own—her popular nick-name was "Bessie with the braid apron": an allusion to the amplitude of her dowry, for she brought her liege lord the Castle of Hinder-skelfe in that figurative apron.

It would seem that the apron at that time was little more than a pinafore, for it is set down in the diary of some Southern visitor to Willie and Bessie that "these noble twain could not make above twenty-five years both together when first they married"—one would have liked the exact figures—"that now can make above a hundred and forty years, and are very hearty, well, and merry."

The main part of Will's very considerable energies was devoted in later life to the perpetual drama of Border warfare—to doing justice sudden and prompt, and sending such moss-troopers and Border-thieves as he captured red-handed to the gallows at Carlisle; but at home in his library and loose gown there was another side to him. A typical Englishman of the Renaissance, he was not only the stern Justicer, but also the man of taste and the scholar. Camden speaks of him as "a singular lover of valuable antiquity, and learned withal."

At his death, in 1640, Charles Howard succeeded him—a conspicuous figure, both in politics and in battle, though he would seem to have yielded alternate allegiance to the two great parties which now disputed the kingdom. First he bore arms on the King's side: then, in 1646, he atoned for this by payment of a fine of £4000; he distinguished himself upon the Parliamentary side at the Battle of Worcester; and in 1657 he was created by the Protector Baron Gilsland and Viscount Howard of Morpeth. Yet after the collapse of the Protectorate he helped to restore Charles II., and was by him created Baron Dacre of Gillesland in Cumberland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth in Northumberland, and Earl of Carlisle—no notice being taken of the Cromwellian honours. He was subsequently employed in many foreign embassies, and was finally buried in York Minster.

Charles, the third Earl, was the builder of the present mansion, and lies buried in the mausoleum in the grounds. His eldest son, Henry, married the daughter of William, Lord Byron, by whom he had a son—Frederick, the fifth Earl of Carlisle—an important and characteristic figure in English society of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. His youthful flirtation with Lady Sarah Lennox was thought worthy of commemoration in verse by Lord Holland, and Frederick presently began to cut a decided figure in London as a daring gambler and a man of fashion—he and Charles James Fox were, at one time esteemed the two best-dressed men in town.

Unluckily, he became surety for the debts of the said Fox, and seems in this wise to have seriously affected his finances; he retired for a time to economise at Castle Howard, and re-emerged a serious politician. In 1778 he was sent across the Atlantic with powers to treat for the quieting of disorders in the American Colonies; but the disorders in question were a little too serious to be so quieted, and not very much seems to have come of his embassy save a challenge to the field from Lafayette, which he had the strength of mind to decline.

Apparently very much against his will, Lord Carlisle was in 1798 appointed guardian by the Court of Chancery to his first cousin once removed, George Gordon, Lord Byron. He interfered very little in the affairs of the young poet, and perhaps in consequence of this the second edition of "The Hours of Idleness" was affectionately dedicated to him. But his neglect to take any personal steps towards introducing Byron to the House of Lords enraged the "obliged ward and affectionate kinsman," who in this earlier volume had referred to "The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public applause to which, by their intrinsic worth, they are well entitled." In

"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" Byron dismissed his guardian in the brief and contemptuous couplet—

No Muse will cheer with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.

The fifth Earl added to the paintings at Castle Howard the celebrated "Orleans Collection," which the disturbances of the French Revolution gave him the opportunity of acquiring; and this taste for the arts—presumably inherited from Belted Will—is conspicuous in the ninth of the line, at present bearer of the title; who is not only a man of taste, but himself a skilful painter in water-colours.

The general impression received from a first sight of the house and grounds of Castle Howard is one of real magnificence. Nobler conceptions of the palatial than those of Sir John Vanbrugh there may be; but the admirable setting in a fine and woody park counts for much, and,



THE MONUMENT IN THE ROAD TO THE PARK.

indeed, the classic tradition of architecture is so inherently fine that even its latest and most florid variants are seldom without their noble moments. The approach to the domain is through a varied country dotted with picturesque villages; and for centuries great care has been bestowed upon the grounds. They contain several stately avenues—one, the most notable, made up of oaks and beeches set four-square.

The Castle itself stands upon a little hill; its southern front looks down upon a wide ornamental lake—an addition to the picturesqueness of the scene made by the guardian of Lord Byron. The main entrance is through an arched gateway, flanked with towers; and in the centre of four stately avenues of lofty trees there stands a quadrangular obelisk, a hundred feet high. This was erected by the third Earl, to commemorate the Duke of Marlborough—and himself.

Among the classic adornments of the park is an Ionic temple, about half a mile east of the house. It rejoices in four external porticos, and Ionic columns of black and yellow marble support the cornices of the interior doorways, which are surmounted by busts of distinguished Romans. About a quarter of a mile further away from the house stands the equally classical and yet more elaborate Mausoleum. This was designed by the architect Hawks-moor, and completed by the fourth Earl in 1742. It is raised upon a mound, which contains an elaborate crypt, subdivided into many separate catacombs with groined roofs. Bronze and varied marbles adorn the chapel of this mausoleum, in which the third Earl is interred.

The noblest view of Castle Howard is that which includes the south, or garden frontage, with its central pediment and Corinthian pilasters; its wings and its fine turf terrace adorned with statuary. The main or north front has a centre also Corinthian in detail, and displays a cupola. It has two wings; the eastern built with the house and in keeping with it, the western added later, and different.

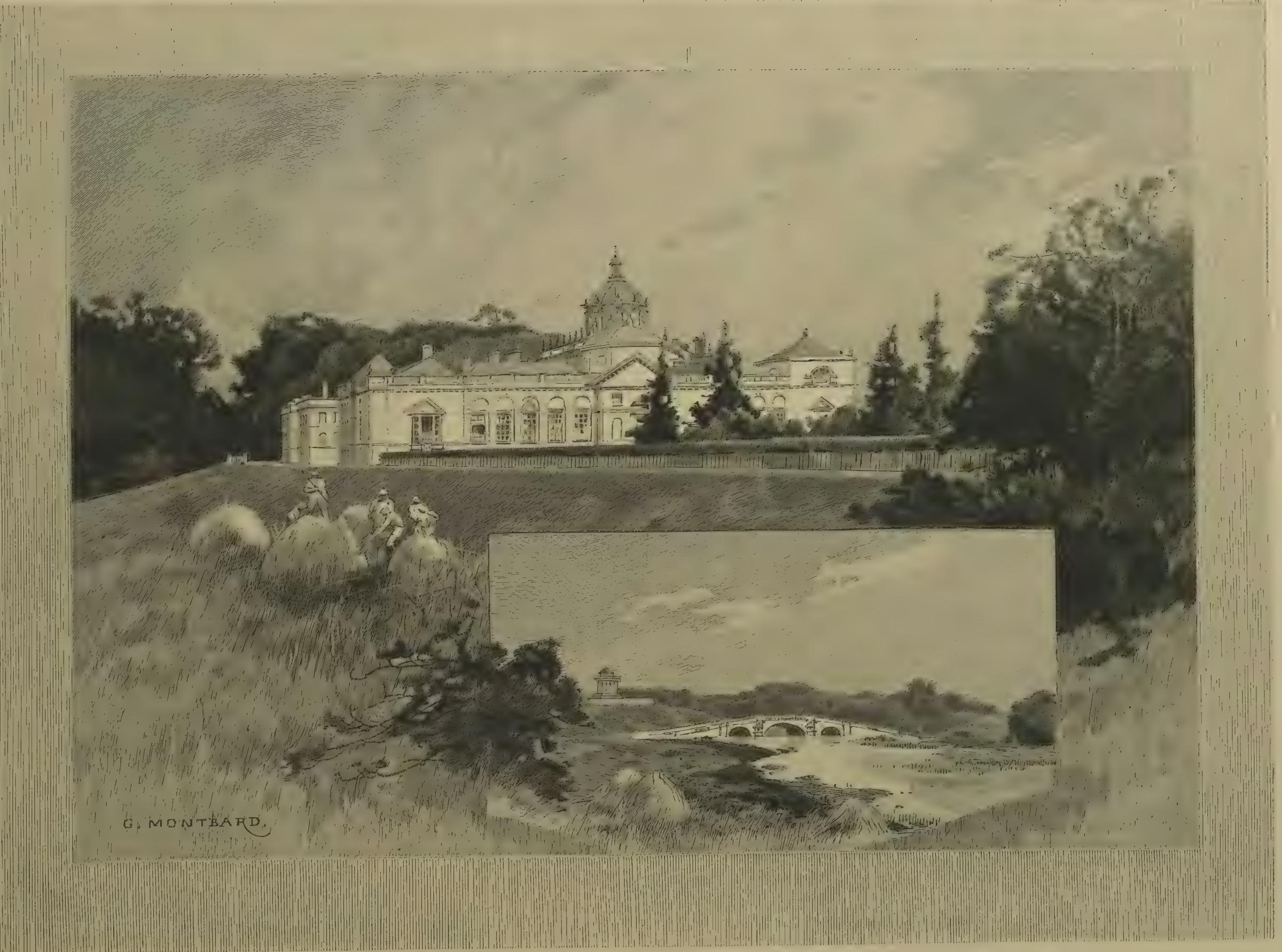
From this front you enter the great Central Hall, a very lofty apartment; indeed, the principal rooms at Castle Howard all strike one as rather excessive in the matter of height. A spacious dome gives light to the hall, whose walls are adorned with much painted allegory, the work of a late Venetian, Pellegrini. Many pedestals display much classical statuary; there are Roman Emperors, deities, busts, everywhere!

The pictures at Castle Howard are far celebrated. In the Long Library—once the Orleans Room, a spacious chamber with dark-red walls and some large and handsome brass lamps, upon the whole more conspicuous for its pictures than its books—there hangs the famous Carracci, "The Three Maries." Famous, that is to say, in the days when the Bolognese Eclectics were placed upon the pinnacle of the painter's art; though since those days we have



THE CENTRAL DOME.

a sober-blooded boy, with, it will be remembered, no relish for Falstaffian humours; and Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King. But a quite indubitable wearer of the title was James Hay, Viscount Doncaster and Baron of Sawley, who was created Earl of Carlisle in 1662, and five years later was appointed Governor of the Caribbee Islands. He took to himself, in second wedlock, Lucy, the daughter



TEMPLE AND BRIDGE IN THE PARK.

ENGLISH HOMES: CASTLE HOWARD.

discovered the earlier Italians, and moderate our rapture over the Carracci, it may be doing these later painters something of an injustice. At any rate, we find it difficult to take quite seriously a cataloguer of the early years of the century who broke into verse at the sight of a lady of sensibility affected to tears by the sight of the Castle Howard Carracci. The library also contains some fine Sir Peter Lelys, a lady painted as Cleopatra, and a sumptuously robed Duke of York. A largo "Finding of Moses," once attributed to Velasquez, is ascribed by Dr. Waagen to Gerald Honthorst.

Conspicuous among the Castle Howard pictures is an interesting and important series of paintings by the two Canaletti; and graceful, and of a very individual charm, is the unfinished painting by Gainsborough of Mrs. Graham as a housemaid. Among the Van-dykes, the picture of a son of the Earl of Pembroke, with deep red hair and thoughtful face, is conspicuously attractive.

The Castle has important collections of antiquities, Egyptian, Roman and Greek, and a wealth of sculptured mantelpieces and allegorical wall and ceiling paintings. A charming room, bright and scented with flowers, is the State or Gold Bed-room, now appropriated to Lady Carlisle; it contains great Brussels tapestry hangings, with figures of the Seasons supposed to have been designed by Teniers, and a fine chimneypiece of white and Siena marble. There is a pleasant touch of the modern in the Chapel, with its rich and tasteful decorations, its Morris windows and its font in Devon and Connemara marbles.

The varied beauty of the grounds, seen in pleasant glimpses from time to time as you progress through the successive state rooms, mitigates a certain sense of the ponderous, the classical at all hazards, that Vanbrugh's style and that of the sculpture accumulated to harmonise with it are apt to suggest. In a city, absolutely unlimited Vanbrugh and Roman Emperors would drive one to a mood that verged upon the suicidal. Set down in a level plain, where one could not escape them from any point of view, they would be intolerable; under a wind-swept sky of constant changes, they seem to become humanised, and to take on an attractive individuality. In spite of temptations to the belief at every turn, we realise that we are *not* in a Museum, but in a Home—a home that took its shape in an age that lived and loved and sorrowed and quarrelled much as we do nowadays, although it set down its thoughts in elaborate periods, wore portentous periwigs, and built and painted *à la* Vanbrugh and Pellegrini.

NATURE IN APRIL.

With April—as the name implies—we come to the general opening out of Nature. Beneath the more forceful persuasion of the sun, the hedgerows are expanding their radial tufts of green, and the blackthorns in their ranks relieve them here and there with blossom, as the silver tufts of age besprinkle a long dark beard. The lilac is unfolding its torpedo-shaped buds, strawberry-flushed forms are emerging from the great treacly buds of the sycamore, inverted green shuttlecocks are hanging on the chestnuts—

The lowest bough and the brushwood sheaf Round the elm-tree vole are in tiny leaf, the rose-bushes are pushing forth their feathery bunches, the alders, the beeches, the birches, the poplars, the hazels, and the limes are all moving from their reserve, and the race begins between the oak and the ash which is to demonstrate to the husbandman whether the season will be wet or dry. Fruit-trees are flushing into glory, plants and blades are vigorously springing, flowers are opening, and there are lambs and chickens and ducklings and nestlings on every side, with joy and songs, and a fullness of life which infects us with its rapid development.

Among the birds the cuckoo is more heard, and the male nightingale adds his voice to the general chorus, singing for his mate. The warblers come back to the reeds and the sedges and the willow-stones, enlivening the brooks with their tasteful chatter. You will probably hear too, from the trees, the cry of the modest little chaff-chaff. "Chaff-chaff, chaff-chaff, chaff-chaff," he calls, and then after a short interval repeats it. He is one of the first songsters to come, and one of the last to go, but, like others who do not force themselves upon the attention, he is much overlooked.

The increased warmth brings the long-eared bat from his retreat, and the snails and the slugs come forth. The orange-tipped butterfly, the emperor moth, and the elegant little ladybird flit across the vision with more or less frequency, according to the favour of the season. The last-named is the invertebrate enemy of the aphides or green flies—the insects which infest our rose-bushes, and which are milked by the ants for their honey-dew. The larvae of the ladybird and the maggots of the exquisite lacewing do devour these aphides voraciously. It is well they do, for about ten generations are produced in a single summer,

the first from eggs which had been laid the previous autumn, and the others alive, so that a tree is overrun with them almost immediately. At the end of the summer, the final generation deposits eggs again, to be hatched when the warm days return.

The male palm-willow stands glorified in its silver buttons by the side of its plainer female companion, and the golden gorse makes a braver show on the banks and by the lane-sides. The meadows are becoming more varied

extent and spreading round by the north, the cloud travelled towards the east. The peals came nearer, and on looking up, heavy ragged festoons of cloud, with mysterious black depths, were seen sailing overhead. Peal now followed peal, the flashes not being very vivid, till suddenly there came down thousands of hailstones. These ceased for a minute, when a strange rushing noise was heard behind upon the roadway. Turning round, a most curious sight presented itself. Large hailstones were

pouring down upon the earth and advancing along the road, pattering like a mimic charge of cavalry. On they came till they fell from overhead. Then they proceeded for a few hundred yards and ceased as suddenly as they began. It was a strange sight to see the army of hailstones bounding and moving along the road. The cloud now sailed over to the east, clearing the sun, rain descended copiously again, and a fine rainbow stood out on the eastern gloom. The thunder rumbled more and more faintly as it receded into the distance till it was heard no more. The heavens became bright and clear, and the smoke from the chimneys of the not-far-away town looked dirty indeed against the fresh, clean blue of the sky. The spires and houses and factories stood out very distinctly in the purer atmosphere, the dewdrops on the hedges shone like strings of glass beads in the sun, and the warblers rejoiced that the disturbance had passed away. Shakspere likens

love to—
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

The farmers put in the early turnips, the mangolds, and the swedes, and the toil of the gardener begins in earnest. The artisan takes off his coat with commendable zeal in his small allotment or in the patch that adjoins his home, so that by and by he may have flowers to gladden his eyes and vegetables to enrich his board.

Winter sports die out, for with May the summer pastimes begin. The bat displaces the football and the racquet the skates.

The departure of the east winds brings home the human wanderers who have sought refuge from them on the Mediterranean shores. "Society" prepares for its season in town, while people in the town commence to strike out into the country. They tramp through the wakening dales, fish in the freshened streams, or drive to inhale the inspiring air. Bicycle runs become prevalent, and city-stifled youths and maidens flash along the roads with a healthy glow in their faces and a glad one in their hearts. This increasing turn-out into the country should be encouraged, for Nature rewards handsomely those who seek her. And her blessings are not merely physical—

"Tis wise to let the touch of Nature thrill
Through the full heart; 'tis wise to take your fill
Of all she brings; and gently to give way
To what within your soul she seems to say.

T.

In view of the fact that Mr. Rennell Rodd, the leading member of the British Mission to King Menelik, was noted, in his undergraduate days, for his good looks, it seems a pity that it has not been reserved for him to impress the much-courted monarch of Abyssinia and his people as a messenger from Heaven. In that character, however, Mr. Rodd has been forestalled, according to the *Paris Débats*, by an Italian lieutenant, who bore a message and a white flag of truce to the Abyssinian lines during the recent hostilities. His mysterious method of progression filled the native sentinels with amazement, and he was announced to the Ras as an angel from the skies. This is certainly not bad for a cycling anecdote.

A Festival Dinner in the interests of the Alexandra Hospital in Queen Square was held on Thursday in last week at the Whitehall Rooms, the Duke of Fife being in the chair. Although this institution has been in existence for thirty years, this dinner was the first public function of the kind, and the Duke of Fife therefore took the opportunity of making an eloquent appeal for the fresh funds which are urgently needed by the hospital. He pointed out that this home for the cure of crippled children, or, at least, for the partial alleviation of their sufferings, was entitled to rank as a national

institution by reason of the unique character of its work. In testimony to the value of that work, the Duke cited the enormous increase in the number of cases, more or less successfully treated by the hospital. In the course of last year 174 in-patients and no fewer than 16,051 out-patients received the benefits of its attention, and since the opening of the hospital, thirty years ago, upwards of 2000 children have passed through it as in-patients, while the number of out-patients during the period reaches the large total of 30,000. In order to adapt itself to an enormously widened sphere of action, the hospital is now in urgent need of new buildings, for which some £8000 has still to be raised.



ENTRANCE GATE TO THE PARK,
CASTLE HOWARD.



CASTLE HOWARD: THE MAUSOLEUM.

electric disturbance produces peculiar effects. One day the sun was about two-thirds down the sky, shining brightly, and the birds were singing their afternoon song. Then came a gathering gloom on the western horizon, which gradually rose and overspread the gladdening orb. Nature became hushed. The cloud still ascended, becoming darker and yet darker, till its irregular, heavy-looking further margin was clear of the earth-line. Perfectly black at this extreme edge, which sent down streamers to the earth, it graduated in shade towards the upper heavens till it became one with the general grey. Suddenly a roll of thunder came out of the west, and large drops of rain began to fall. Gathering in



CASTLE HOWARD, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

THE NEW LIFE OF NELSON.*

We do not know whether history is about to repeat itself, and whether Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. are to have the pleasure of signing, and Captain Mahan the pleasure of receiving, a cheque similar to that famous one which was paid to Macaulay on the publication of the first two volumes of his famous History; but so far as we can gather, no book which can be rightly placed in the same category has given rise to such keen expectation as this Life of Nelson now just published. Captain Mahan's previous works—"The Influence of Sea Power upon History" and "The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," not to mention some smaller books—have established his reputation as an illustrator of naval history, and more especially of English naval history. There is a particular charm in finding our ancient glories sympathetically discussed by this talented man, whom we are obliged, notwithstanding the community of language, to call a foreigner. Were an Englishman to say of our Navy half the pretty things that, at different times, Captain Mahan has said of it, he would be probably told that he was a Jingo, and that his speech was "cock-a-doodle-doo." It is a complete and overpowering answer to such ribaldry to say: "I am not referring to the statements of any English historian; I am quoting from the works of an American, a Republican, an officer in the United States Navy." Then the Little Englander is quiet.

Of Captain Mahan's broad views of Nelson and Nelson's services much had been already shown in his "French Revolution," and we were able, with some confidence, to anticipate the general lines of the present work; but we had perhaps scarcely anticipated the wealth of criticism and elucidation which stands out on nearly every page. The main facts of Nelson's life are, or at least ought to be—familiar to all Englishmen. To learn these it has not been necessary to wait till now. But not till now have we had a full, careful, and critical examination, by a thoroughly qualified writer, of Nelson's career, separating what in it is purely Nelsonic from what is simply professional, shared—that is to say—with every naval officer. The conditions of life on board ship tend to develop certain peculiarities of manner, of character, of tone of thought, which must more or less affect everyone who has been subjected to them from boyhood; and it has been rightly objected to many of the Lives of Nelson—and in particular to that by Southey—that these professional traits have been dwelt on as qualities marking the individual, so that what really was special to the hero is buried in a heap of common-place, and deprived of much of its significance. Some of this misconception has, no doubt, been cleared away by later writers; but since the publication of the formidable quartos of Clarke and McArthur, no Life of Nelson has been attempted on a scale of the present magnitude, a scale which allows a complete and detailed narrative, a full discussion, a careful and ripe criticism. Clarke and McArthur swelled their ponderous tomes by the admission of many anecdotes of very dubious authenticity. Captain Mahan has by no means excluded anecdotes, but he is at least able to distinguish between what is possible, what is probable, and what is absurd. In Clarke and McArthur the critical faculty was entirely wanting, the professional knowledge very limited, the literary power at a low ebb. In Captain Mahan these conditions are reversed, and we have a naval officer of experience, a practised writer, and one accustomed to the

discussion of questions suggested by his employment as a lecturer and the Principal of the United States Naval War College. This will be best shown by a quotation—a character-sketch which is a fair and pleasing sample of both matter and style—

The intellectual endowment of genius was Nelson's from the first; but from the circumstances of his life it was denied

fallen behind the bloody harvests of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. Men have been disposed, therefore, to reckon this moral energy—call it courage, dash, resolution, what you will—as Nelson's one and only great quality. It was the greatest, as it is in all successful men of action; but to ignore that this mighty motive force was guided by singularly clear and accurate perceptions, upon which also it consciously

rested with a firmness of faith that constituted much of its power, is to rob him of a great part of his due renown.

The discussion of the difficult questions suggested by different incidents in Nelson's career tempts us to dwell on them; but they are many, they are very full, and will scarcely bear curtailment. We can therefore only say that they ought to be read carefully by everyone who wishes to arrive at a clear understanding of Nelson's deeds and of Nelson's character, both as a warrior and as a man.

The volumes are enriched with many maps and plans, which enable the reader without difficulty to understand the narrative or to seize the point of a discussion. They contain also numerous portraits, two of which—one of Lady Nelson, the other of Horatia—have not, we believe, been previously published. As these are now reproduced from miniatures in the possession of their respective families, there would seem to be no doubt of their genuineness; but the date assigned to that of Lady Nelson is surely erroneous. It is described as "Believed to have been painted about the time of the Battle of the Nile." But in 1798 Lady Nelson was just thirty-seven: the portrait is, to all appearance, that of a woman not much short of sixty. The portrait of Lord St. Vincent is scarcely that of the man that won the battle and an earldom on St. Valentine's Day, 1797: it represents a man several years older, bowed, too, by the cares and responsibilities of an exacting command. Similarly the portrait of Hardy is not a portrait of Nelson's Hardy, the man who received the dying hero's last wishes: it is that of an Admiral who lived some twenty years after Nelson's death. The portraits of Nelson himself are very varied, and include

that one painted in his youth for Captain Locker, and now belonging to the present Earl Nelson. It contains, we believe, the only portrait of Nelson's right arm.



LORD NELSON.

From "The Life of Nelson," by Captain Mahan. (Sampson Low and Co.)

the privilege of early manifestation, such as was permitted to Napoleon. It is, consequently, not so much this as the constant exhibition of moral power, force of character, which gives continuity to his professional career, and brings the successive stages of his advance, in achievement and reputation, from first to last, into the close relation of steady development, subject to no variation save that of healthy and vigorous growth, till he stood unique—above all competition. This it was—not, doubtless, to the exclusion of that reputation

Several important additions to the open spaces and recreation-grounds of London are now in progress, and the report of the monthly meeting of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, held last week under

the presidency of Sir William Vincent, gave encouraging statements as to the work in hand. The earliest of these grounds to be open to the public will be the churchyards of St. James's, Pentonville, and St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, which are now being laid out, and a communication from the County Council was read at the meeting to the effect that the land to be laid out as part of the Chelsea Embankment extension would be kept as an open space free from all buildings. Lord Llangattoch had also written to the Association promising to keep open for another month his offer of ground in the New



LADY NELSON.

From "The Life of Nelson," by Captain Mahan. (Sampson Low and Co.)



NELSON'S DAUGHTER, HORATIA.

From "The Life of Nelson," by Captain Mahan. (Sampson Low and Co.)

for having a head, upon which he justly prided himself—which had already fixed the eyes of his superiors upon him as the one officer—not yet, indeed, fully tested—most likely to cope with the difficulties of any emergency. In the display of this, in its many self-revelations—in concentration of purpose, untiring energy, fearlessness of responsibility, judgment, sound and instant, boundless audacity, promptness, intrepidity, and endurance beyond all proof—the restricted field of Corsica and the Riviera, the subordinate position at Cape St. Vincent, the failure of Teneriffe, had in their measure been as fruitful as the Nile was soon to be, and

Kent Road for a public garden, more time being required by the local vestry for the raising of the necessary funds. The Association is also negotiating for fresh sites in Islington, Camberwell, and other populous districts.

A feature of the Queen's forthcoming visit to Sheffield will be her Majesty's inspection of the rolling of a large armour-plate at the works of Messrs. Cammell and Co. To save the Queen the fatigue of leaving her carriage, the iron-works have been connected with the railway by a special bridge.



BUTTERFLIES.

*A lover looked. She dropped her eyes
That glowed like pansies wet with dew;
And lo! there came from out the skies
Butterflies all blue.*

JOHN DAVIDSON



SHYLOCK AND JESSICA.—BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.
In the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



"MADAME SANS-GÊNE," AT THE LYCEUM: MADAME SANS-GÊNE (MISS ELLEN TERRY) IN HER LAUNDRY.

THE TRINIDAD CENTENARY.

The island of Trinidad has lately been holding high festival to celebrate the centenary of its annexation to the British Empire. For it was early in the year 1797 that the celebrated Sir Ralph Abercromby took Trinidad and set an English Governor over the island in the person of Colonel Picton. In the autumn of 1795 Abercromby had been ordered to the West Indies with a force of fifteen thousand men for the purpose of reducing the French sugar islands. Storms and contrary winds delayed his arrival for a space, but early in the year 1796 he reached Jamaica. His first step was to reduce the island of St. Lucia, where he installed his most distinguished lieutenant, destined to become famous as Sir John Moore, in the office of Governor. Demerara was then annexed, and after devoting some time to the establishment of an admirably effective administration, civil and military, Abercromby returned to England. But at the end of the year he was once more in the West Indian Islands, and before the year 1797 was far advanced he had added Trinidad to the British possessions. The island had then belonged to Spain since its discovery by Columbus in 1498. To-day its European population is a mixed one of English, Germans, French, and Spanish; but at least a third of its inhabitants are Indian coolies attracted by the sugar, molasses, and coffee industries which form the bulk of Trinidad's export trade. It is estimated that at least three thousand of these immigrants enter the island each year. Ever since the appointment of Colonel Picton by the conquering Abercromby, Trinidad has been ruled by a



ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN FROM THE PEOPLE OF TRINIDAD.

ART NOTES.

If all the Jubilee celebrations at the hands of public bodies are on a level with that provided by the Corporation of the City of London in its Art Gallery, this year will stand out as an *annus mirabilis* worthy of remembrance. Within the space available at the Guildhall, it would have been impossible to make a thoroughly representative exhibi-

that the absence of such treasures for a prolonged period is a serious matter for picture-owners, on whose walls a blank space is an eyesore.

The period embraces pictures so far apart in time and style as Constable's "Showery Weather" (one of the painter's most complete works) and Sir David Wilkie's "Penny Wedding," executed perhaps before the beginning of the Queen's reign, and Mr. M. R. Corbet's "Morning," and Mr. E. A. Abbey's "Wooing of the Lady Anne," which appeared in last year's exhibition at Burlington House. In the interval many reputations have been made and lost; and as one strolls through these rooms one wonders how certain artists who are now only known by their mannerism or their feebleness ever won the position indicated by the letters after their names, so wide is the gulf between their present and their past achievements. Turner's "Departure of Adonis," his finest and most Titian-esque figure-piece, is placed between two of his most luminous landscapes. David Cox's "Vale



A GROUP AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TRINIDAD.

resident Governor, at the head of two councils, the upper of which consists of four members and the lower of twelve. For the last eight years the neighbouring island of Tobago has been incorporated with Trinidad for administrative purposes. The recent Centenary Celebration was a very gay affair, the whole island being given over to holiday and festival for a period of nine days. We reproduce the address presented to the Queen by her loyal subjects in Trinidad, together with the ornamental casket in which it was forwarded to her Majesty. Our Illustrations also include a group of the house-party assembled at Government House for the occasion, consisting of the Acting Governor, Mr. C. C. Knollys, C.M.G., now shortly to be succeeded in office by Sir Hubert Jerningham, Vice-Admiral J. E. Erskine, who brought down the North American and West Indian Squadron; Major-General Fowler Butler, who commands the military throughout the southern West Indies; Mrs. Knollys, Mrs. Erskine, Mrs. Fowler-Butler, Miss Bertha Knollys, Miss Marryat, Flag-Lieutenant Halsey, R.N., Captain Champion, A.D.C., the Rev. Arthur Hombersley, Mr. Jack Knollys, Miss Veronica Erskine, and Miss Evelyn Knollys.

Government House, situated in Port of Spain, the chief town of the island, stands within the lovely scenery of the Botanic Gardens, the tropical beauty of which has been described in glowing language by Charles Kingsley. Government House is a spacious building of handsome proportions, and the Government Buildings in Brunswick Square, Port of Spain, form an imposing block which includes a Council Chamber famous for its vaulted ceiling of various native woods. These official buildings were opened by Lord Harris in 1848.

bition of Victorian Art—and possibly such a display would have been both wearisome and uninteresting. Mr. Temple, therefore, with the support of the Art Committee, wisely decided to bring together as many masterpieces of the more prominent painters of the reign as he could beg and borrow from their owners. To these the gratitude of those who visit the Guildhall Galleries during the next three months will be great, for one ought not to forget

CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN FROM THE PEOPLE OF TRINIDAD.

of "Clwyd," "Rossetti's" "The Beloved," "Millais' "The Gambler's Wife," Watts's "Aurora," Mason's "Harvest Moon," and F. Walker's "The Old Gate," are amongst the most important paintings produced in this country within the last sixty years. They are all to be seen here, and, in addition, many excellent specimens of the various phases through which English art has passed during the same period.

"New English Art," although not yet out of its teens, is rapidly approaching years of discretion, if we may take the present exhibition at the Dudley Gallery as a fair index. The ways of its adepts are not altogether those of other painters, but the results obtained are unfrequently reconcile us to the methods adopted. Mr. Fred Brown's "An Easy Pose" and Mr. C. W. Furse's portraits of Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Cane are excellent instances of the best kind of work to be found among the members of this club. Mr. Frank Carter's portrait of Mr. H. Carter and that of Miss Hutchinson by Miss Clare Alwood are distinctly promising; but whether the artists may not "apostasise" to the views of the more orthodox followers of the art is a matter which the future will decide. Among the landscapes one notices with surprise the adherence of Mr. Roger Fry, in "The Antiquaries," to the traditions of the old Classicists; but as he gives a charming rendering of Taormina, one need not complain. Mr. Buxton Knight seems to have taken Hobbema for his guide in his charming spring sylvan scene, "Before the Leaf"; but Mr. Wilson Steer allows the foliage to obscure and destroy the majestic beauty of Richmond Castle. Mr. Hartrick's "Moonrise" and Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Twilight Calm" and his "Afterglow" are especially interesting as showing the masterful way in which these artists can deal with the more difficult problems of light and atmosphere.

Some interesting prices were fetched last week by various pictures in a collection of Old Masters sold by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher. The chief feature of this collection was a remarkably fine "Portrait of a Gentleman" by Franz Hals, which was knocked down for 3350 guineas.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TRINIDAD.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

It is characteristic of "this weak, piping time of peace" that we have to make heroes of men who never fought. Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, whose biography (William Blackwood and Sons) has lately appeared, might, if fortune favoured him, have been a Nelson, but also he might not. "Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset," Tacitus says of Galba, and numberless have been the smart officers who have lost in war the reputation they had won in peace. Nor was it to his smartness alone that Admiral Hornby owed his unprecedentedly rapid promotion. He was unblushingly jobbed by his father and by the colleagues of his relative, Lord Derby, into post after post, till at the age of forty-four, though the junior Admiral on the list, he was promoted to flag rank, with command of the Flying Squadron. Unquestionably he justified, if he had not earned, this promotion, but it is just possible that some of the men who had earned it, and been passed over, might have equally risen to the occasion. The fact remains, however, that, in spite of his never having handled a ship in war—not even in the Crimean War—he impressed the public, the Navy, and the Admiralty as a fine seaman, and this alone justifies a notice of his career. Still, the biography of an Admiral who never fought is inevitably as unexciting as that of the Vicar before his troubles, "when all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown." But this biography at least throws light on two subjects of perpetual and particular public interest, the fleet and the Admiralty. No one has a better right to be listened to as to the construction, manning, and manœuvring of the fleet than Admiral Hornby, since every change he succeeded in bringing about has proved an improvement; but the Admiralty? "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Sir Geoffrey gives his experience as a Lord of the Admiralty, and it cannot be considered encouraging. "Each Naval Lord is smothered with the settlement of detail and all sorts of petty matters. With a hundred ridiculous occupations his time is engrossed, and he has to scramble through important papers without sufficient time to consider them, and to leave most reports and experiments unread. He cannot help feeling that his time is wasted and his work ill done." This is to strike a tin-tack with a sledge-hammer with a vengeance! Then there is no continuity, no coherence, and no *esprit de corps*. The Governments and First Lords are for ever changing; each Naval Lord works his own department independently of his colleagues; while, as there is no feeling of connection between the permanent officials and the Service, there is neither *esprit de corps* nor interest in the work afloat. How such a system as Sir Geoffrey describes holds together, or holds the fleet together, is astonishing.

"Blessed be the man," says a Chinese beatitude, "who bloweth his own trumpet; for whoso bloweth not his own trumpet, the same shall in no wise be blowed"; and Mr. Haweis, in his pleasant *Travel and Talk* (Chatto and Windus), does not neglect this imperative duty to himself. He was such a success as a lecturer, even in the hub of the lecturing universe, Boston, that "Miss Peabody compared me to Hawthorne; Mr. Putnam assured me that since the days of Agassiz there had been no such success; while Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes declared 'it was a model of what such a lecture should be.'" And these compliments we are expected to take neat and "neat"—no discount for politeness being allowed off them! The readers of these two volumes, however, can judge fairly for themselves, and will certainly judge favourably Mr. Haweis's competency as a lecturer, since they are both in matter and in manner mere lively colloquial lectures on his American and Australian experiences. When he presents the volumes to a friend, his beneficiary need not have recourse to the formula which Dean Stanley, according to Mr. Haweis, used in acknowledgment of all trashy presentation copies: "Dear Sir—I will not wait to open your book, but best thanks.—A. P. S." Disraeli's formula was wittier: "Many thanks for your book; I shall lose no time in reading it." Not even a relative, however, will be inclined to shirk running through "Travel and Talk," which is pre-eminently readable. Not the least interesting, and far from the least amusing, part of the book are the hitherto unpublished letters of the famous Anglican Pope Joan, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, to her clerical factotum, Mr. Haweis's grandfather. So zealous a propagator of the gospel as her Ladyship might be supposed to appreciate the labours of her fervent fellow-evangelist, Rowland Hill; yet, because he got hold of some chapels in Wales which the Countess coveted, she speaks of him as "the worst of men!" Her Ladyship entertained both Episcopal and Dissenting ministers, but, while no luxuries were too good for the parsons, for the Nonconformists no fare was too Lenten. An elaborate grace, consisting of a hymn and a long extemporary prayer, was expected from the youngest Dissenting minister present, and once, at least, the officiating Levite was equal to the occasion. After a dolorous survey of the meagre mercies on the breakfast-table prepared for the uncovenanted, he struck up the hymn—

Oh what a barren land is this,
And void of all content!

The edition of Bacon's Essays which Mr. Alfred S. West, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has prepared for the Pitt Press of his University is such as to leave the reader in full possession of the entire drift of Bacon's subtlety. The allusiveness of the great Verulam is much more difficult than that of Macaulay, inasmuch as it found the sources of its inspiration in literatures that have ceased to be familiar, while his language is no longer so familiar as it once was. Thus Mr. West has rendered a service in annotating the Essays. The edition displays infinite and loving pains at every turn.

It is long since we read a novel which began so naturally and charmingly, and ended in such unnatural and unnecessary dreariness as *Anthony Blake's Experiment* (Richard Bentley). Its heroine "comes adorned like sweet

May," to be "sent back like Hallowmas or shortest day," against nature, art, reason, poetic justice, the expectation and wish of the reader, and even against the original intention of the author—only in order to conform to the pessimist fashion of the hour. We say against the author's original intention, because it is not conceivable that Herbert Sartoris is a mere accidental and inartistic intrusion into the tale, and that no significance was meant to attach to the scene where he gives the heroine his card and exacts from her a promise to have recourse to him in any great exigency. Surely the author intended him to be the Red Cross Knight to rescue Una from Archimago; yet he passes like a summer cloud away, and Una is left to the dreary mercies of Holy Church, which makes a desert in her heart and calls it peace. However, long before this dismal consummation is reached, the original, charming, piquant, adorable Trilby-Armande has disappeared, and in her stead we have a limp creature who has not a word to fling at her dog of a betrayer, and who gives up her idealised boy from no adequate motive and to no worthy end that we can see.

In *Mr. Magnus* (T. Fisher Unwin) the story is to the moral what its feathers are to the arrow—a trifle light as air added only to make the shaft fly true and home. The shaft is aimed at African mining speculators generally, and at its two world-known chiefs in particular, while the arrow's point and barb are not sharpened only, but envenomed. The anonymous author gives an uncompromising answer to the much debated question of the hour—whether the gentleman who figures in his pages under the thin guise of "Mr. Magnus" is fit to govern—

Fit to govern!
No, not to live. Oh, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?

But the callous brutality attributed to the African autocrat of the story is intrinsically incredible, apart from its credibility as characteristic of "Mr. Magnus'" prototype. No Englishman and few natives could stand the ostentatious insolence and ferocious tyranny of Mr. Magnus, the mine-owner; while any who endured such a master deserved him. It is slaves who make tyrants, and if the hero and his fellow beasts of burden sordidly submitted for a few shillings weekly to such degradation, it was more to their shame than to their driver's. In truth, the author has overshot the mark, and is too furious in hitting out to plant his blows effectively. But if the book is ineffective as a satire, as a story it is naught, for the hero, heroine, and her brother are incidental and uninteresting as the casual figures in the foreground of a landscape. There are, however, vivid pictures of the hardships, horrors, and infamies of life in an African mine, well worth reading by the vast number who have of late given hostages to fortune—of one kind or another—in the continent of the future.

Ceylon is known in India as "Lanka"; but the Singhalese themselves glory in its title of "Rutnadvipa," or "The Island of Gems," from the precious stones that are found so plentiful in it, and which add to its wealth as well as its reputation. Few of those who get a glimpse of Ceylon at Colombo, as they pass in a P. and O. steamer, and see nothing but luxuriant foliage, would suspect that it is also an island of ruins. A glance at *The Ruined Cities of Ceylon*, by Henry W. Cave (Sampson Low and Co.), will show that this is the case. In former days Ceylon was fertile and had a large population, with extensive and wealthy towns. Mr. Cave has devoted his book principally to the remains of Anuradhapura and Polonaruwa, two of the old capitals—but more particularly to the former, which was the capital for about 1000 years, beginning about 500 B.C. This was a very large city covering some miles of ground; but now nothing remains visible, all is covered over with soil and vegetation, with the exception of the vast Buddhist dagobas, which in point of size far exceed any of those erected by the Buddhists in India. The tanks and irrigation works that produced the former prosperity of Ceylon have long been destroyed. The Government have for some time back been restoring these necessary works; and if these operations go on, the time is not far distant when the "Island of Gems" may return to something like its former splendour. Mr. Cave's book is profusely illustrated with capital photographic productions—in fact, the illustrations form the book, but the descriptive letterpress, although appearing as secondary, is particularly good. It is, of course, limited, but the author is evidently familiar with the archaeology of Ceylon.

The idea of giving an adequate survey of the art of illustration during the last half-century would be too appalling for any conscientious editor. Mr. Gleeson White, therefore, has shown more than ordinary discretion in limiting the scope of his book, *English Illustration* (Archibald Constable and Co.), to "the sixties," by which he understands the interval between 1857 and 1870. From the ordinary art point of view, no period could be less promising. It was the period when painting was only just shaking off the traditions of a dull and prosaic past, when crinoline was the fashion, and mauve and magenta were regarded as art colours. At the same time, it was the age of the revival of the art of illustration and of the combination of cheapness and beauty. *Once a Week* and the *Cornhill Magazine* may claim the credit of having marked this new departure, for with their earliest numbers the names and work of Millais, F. Walker, F. Sandys, Charles Keene, Lawless, and Pinwell were associated. The stream—now swollen to a flood—of Christmas books began about the same time to assert itself, although as a rivulet it could point to a more remote source. Mr. Gleeson White has composed with some care and much erudition a compendium of the illustrated periodicals and publications of "the sixties," and Messrs. Constable have so liberally enriched with admirable reproductions of the original drawings a volume otherwise specially intended for collectors and bibliographers, that it well deserves place on the drawing-room table. It is a pity *ubi plura nitent* to remark such aberrations—maintained throughout—as "Wayside Poesies" for "Wayside Posies," arranged by Mr. Robert Buchanan, and the capture

by feminism of the *catalogue raisonné* (sic)! At the same time, it must be allowed that the more serious part of the work has been done effectually, and that for the first time we have something approaching a complete guide to the illustrated publications of the period 1857-70, and an intelligent appreciation of their illustrators, some of whom are unduly forgotten, while others since that period have developed a style little in common with that of their *début*.

Max Nordau in *The Malady of the Century* (William Heinemann) has written a nineteenth-century "Hamlet," from which, unlike the original, the part of the Prince might be omitted with advantage. The hero is oppressed—and oppressive—with the continual consciousness—

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right.

Never, surely, did a more insupportable prig figure in a novel as its hero. He is for ever lecturing everyone everywhere with the exasperating superiority of a very Prussian Socrates, while, like the philosopher who with his eyes on the stars fell into a ditch, he makes the most despicable mess of his own life. Being a prig, he naturally—if lady novelists are to be believed—is a supreme favourite with the sex; and, indeed, the importunate passions of the young women who pursue and pester him with their attentions are the bane of his existence. He has the greatest difficulty in disgusting the first of these inamoratas, in persuading the second that her passion was hopeless, and in flying desperately by night from the third, who cannot survive her desertion. If, however, you take the part of Hamlet out of the play, you will find much in what remains to delight you. The hero's Horatio, Paul, for instance, is admirably drawn. The novel was written, as its closing sentences suggest, to contrast Paul's practical character and work with the inane dreams of the hero and their lame and impotent outcome, and the reader will assuredly give his vote with Swift for the man "who made two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before." Paul reclaims miles of morass, and his worship of his work and of himself is humorously and happily described. Yet more humorous and happy are the descriptions of Paul's wife, mother-in-law, grandmother-in-law, and of their Philistine character, environment, employments, and aspirations. Of more serious interest are the pictures of the great war and of the disastrous effects upon the victors of the indemnity, which seemed to intoxicate the country, and to have the inevitable consequences of intoxication—irritability and prostration. The pity of it is that so much space should be filled with the feeble and *fainéant* hero, who is a consummate specimen of the special sort of prig that has been defined as "an animal which is over-fed for its size."

"Now, Muse, let us sing of mice"—the line which so tickled Sam Johnson in a poem of that day—ought to have been the motto of *The Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife* (F. V. White and Co.) Mrs. Edward Kennard, to do her justice, betrays an occasional misgiving that her heroine is not over-wise, but it never seems to have occurred to her that golf was the occasion, not the cause, of such a silly little woman's married unhappiness. "If you want to quarrel with your wife," says an Arab proverb, "bid her fetch you water while the sun shines," since you can affect to think the dancing sunbeams on it motes of mud; and such a "wifey" as Janie would have been at no loss for a cause of quarrel with her "hubby" if he had never wielded a club. As a matter of fact, Jack was an ideal husband; while the single marital offence he committed—the casual kiss he gave the governess—might have been perpetrated anywhere else as easily as on the golf-ground. When, however, he took to golfing with a married lady—for whom she knew he cared as little as he had for the governess—Janie's cup overflowed, and she fled to hide her despair in London, where her fury at her "hubby's" cumulative golfing offences brought about her premature confinement. The reader's sympathies throughout are with the unfortunate husband, whom such an hysterical little fury of a wife might well have driven rather to drink than to golf. However, she is admirably drawn, and the story is natural and interesting.

In *The Next Crusade* (Hutchinson and Co.) Mr. Robert Cromie "dips into the future far as human eye can see," and describes the final dismemberment of the Turkish Empire in a war where Austria and England defeat the combined armies and navies of Russia, Germany, and Turkey. Mr. Cromie's reason for venturing upon his confident forecast is at least original. "I make no apology," he says, "for taking upon myself to write the history of the future, which has some advantages over that of writing the history of the past—it can hardly be so full of errors." "You cannot argue with a prophet; you can only disbelieve him." Yet one is tempted to say that, whereas it is quite possible some of the things described in history really did occur, the occurrence of most of the events described in "The Next Crusade" is absolutely impossible. Yet the preposterous story is told with sufficient verve and vigour to carry the reader on to the end with a rush. We cannot honestly say, however, that Mr. Cromie's soldiers three—obvious but feeble imitations of Mr. Kipling's famous triumvirate—are much more convincing than his international alliances or his Kilkenny cat sea-fight. Of his great land-fight the ghastly central incident is at least opportune. All Turkish atrocities, whether Bulgarian, Armenian, Cretan, or made in Fleet Street, "pale their ineffectual fire" before that perpetrated in the battle of Struma on a troop of the 17th Lancers. "The eyebrows, eyelids, noses, lips of the defenceless prisoners were carved off, and some had their tongues cut out. The eyesight in all cases was left to the last to increase the victim's horror. A sudden alarm arrested their fiendish work, and the miscreants rushed headlong to their horses." The mutilated Lancers decided to commit soldierly suicide in this way: Four men stepped from the right flank, marched fifteen paces, halted, wheeled right about, shouldered their carbines, stood to attention, and were shot by the rest of the troop. Then another four, and another, and another, until all were disposed of. Even history is more probable than this, and, at its worst, less horrible.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"I can recommend you a very good girl," said a friend to a middle-aged Scotch spinster in search of a *cordon bleu*. "She is a very good girl indeed, and highly respectable." "Bother her respectability," growled the old maid; "can she cook collops?" The story is old, but I failed to find a more pertinent one to illustrate my meaning. It appears that Messrs. George Bell and Sons have just published a new dictionary of "Slang, Jargon, and Cant," compiled and edited by Messrs. Albert Barrère and Mr. Charles G. Leland. A reviewer of the *Daily Telegraph*, while doing justice to the great amount of learning displayed by the editors and compilers, objects to their work as being "too respectable." I happen to know two of the three gentlemen just named. Mr. Albert Barrère is an acquaintance of many years' standing; to Mr. Camille Barrère, his brother, a clever and hardworking diplomatist of the Third Republic, I pretty well owe my first literary start in England. I have had the honour to contribute many articles to a review over which, I believe, the critic most ably presides, and when he says that the dictionary is "too respectable," I am bound to take his word.

Nevertheless, I am not surprised at Messrs. Barrère and Leland's mistake of having been "too respectable." Slang is a very ticklish subject to handle, especially in a country like this, where the dynasty of conventionality grows more powerful day by day, and where, in spite of this growing conventionality, people do not like to be behind the fashions, and slang has unquestionably become one of the fashions of the latter end of the century. Unfortunately for the sake of philology, Messrs. Barrère and Leland are not the only philologists who became frightened in the midst or at the outset of their task at the apprehended remarks of Mrs. Grundy. Littré found himself in a similar predicament. It is an open secret that he had collected for a number of years the materials for a slang dictionary which would have complemented his greater work.

This was in the days when the National Assembly was sitting at Versailles, and when Jules Simon was much more given to innocent but practical joking than towards the end of his life. Littré was theoretically not at all opposed to *argot*. He had employed many collaborators to look out quotations for his big dictionary, and he imposed no restrictions as to the sources. The collaborators were at liberty to cull the illustrations from the most harum-scarum vaudeville, from the meanest broadsheet or from the most strait-laced works. For the projected slang dictionary, Littré announced his intention of giving them—not greater scope, for that would have been impossible, but of affording them greater opportunities to see the fruits of their researches printed. Jules Simon, who knew men considerably better than statecraft, laughed incredulously at Littré's plan. He did not doubt the ability and the wish, but he doubted the courage.

Time went on, and the preparations for the work were apparently going apace, when one afternoon Littré and Simon met in the lobby. "Do you know, my dear Littré," said Simon, "that you have not used sufficient circumspection with regard to your dictionary. I find words in it which are downright slang." Littré looked uneasy. "Tell me; what are they?" he asked. "Well," replied Simon, putting his finger to his forehead, as if trying to recollect; "well, there is, for instance, the word 'guibolle,' for 'leg.'" "The word 'guibolle' in my dictionary!" gasped the philologist, turning paler than usual, and rushing to the library to look at his own book, in which, of course, he did not find the incriminated term. But Jules Simon, then Minister of Public Education, had proved his contention that Littré would not have the courage to write an outspoken slang dictionary, for from that afternoon the idea was practically abandoned.

I was perhaps the greatest gainer by the affair. Having heard the story about an hour after the scene occurred, I told it the same evening to Renan. He sat for a little while quite still, then quoted Musset. "'Tout est nu sur la terre, hormis l'hypocrisie.' Now let me tell you a story," he said: "There was once a milliner who had a lovely little daughter. The mother's name was Parabolé, the father's Poiètes. The little girl was called Truth. Parabolé doated on little Truth, and was always dressing her to the best advantage. One day she showed her to some friends. 'These yellow spots are very pretty,' they said. 'Yellow!' screamed Parabolé, 'my child's cheeks are not yellow; they are pink.' 'We are not talking of the child's cheeks; we are alluding to her frock,' was the answer.

"On a second occasion," Renan went on, "the neighbours, on catching sight of little Truth, said, 'Too stiff—too much starch.' Parabolé screamed again: 'Starch in the arms of my daughter!' 'We were not talking about her arms, we were talking about her frock.' After a dozen or so of similar contretemps, Parabolé stripped Truth of all her finery, quarrelled with Poiètes, and resumed her maiden name, Ameléia, which, as you know, means carelessness. Then she showed little Truth as Nature made her. There were about a dozen neighbours. One of them said 'Indecent,' the other eleven said nothing at all, and turned their faces away. Then Ameléia made it up with Poiètes, and dressed Truth more beautifully than ever. But she did not consult the neighbours again."

The story, much more amplified, forms the preface of my first book, which has been out of print for many years. I thought I might repeat it here.

Crete is not to have a monopoly of the world's warships for the time being, for ironclads have been despatched by the United States and Japanese Governments respectively to the Sandwich Islands, where some international friction has arisen from the refusal of the Hawaiian Government to allow Japanese immigrants to land in Hawaii. The prohibition was first declared by the Government of Hawaii, but has since been confirmed by its Court of Law.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*. A LADY (County Cork).—No, there is no such collection, but possibly one may be selected at some future date.

THOMAS E LAURENT (Bombay).—Your problems shall be examined, but we prefer in future contributions to receive them on diagrams. Much trouble and risk of mistake is thereby avoided.

J F MOON.—Thanks for your selection. We are familiar with most of the problems sent, but must point out that with a Rook move in two-movers there must inevitably be some similarity of play.

L DESANGES.—Another solution by 1. Q to K sq, followed by 2. Q to Q R sq, etc.

C W (Sunbury) and W P HIND.—Your contributions are marked for early insertion.

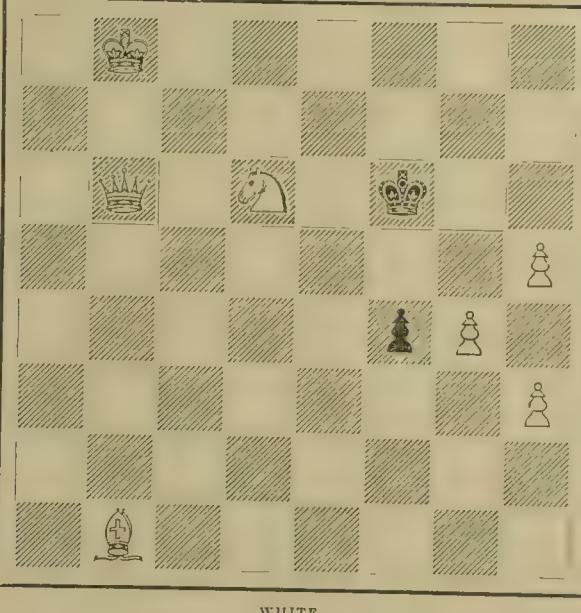
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2755 to 2758 received from Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2759 from C A M (Penang) and Thomas Devlin; of No. 2760 from Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2762 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2763 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2764 from E Worthington (Montreal), C E M (Ayr), Sandy, T C D, and R Worters (Canterbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2766 received from G J Veal, Alpha, Frank Proctor, Dr F St, Sorento, C M A B, Sandy, Emile Frau (Lyons), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), M A Eyre (Folkestone), J Bailey, Newark, Charles Burnett, L Desanges, Frank R Pickering, John G Lord (Castleton), Miss D Gregson (Manchester), F Hooper (Putney), E Loudon, F A Carter (Maldon), A Briggs, William D J Edwards, John F Wilkinson, B A (Rochdale), Captain Spencer, R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), T G (Ward), W Curwen Barrett (Manchester), F J Candy, F R Cannon (Skegness), Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), G T Hughes (Portsmouth), T Roberts, W David (Cardiff), J F Moon, Castle Lea, E P Villiamy, Shadforth, M G D (Westbourne Terrace), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), J Allen (Teignmouth), F W C (Edgbaston), Fred J Gross, J Hunter, Miss Isaac (Maldon), and E B Foord (Cheltenham).

PROBLEM NO. 2765.—By J. MACDONALD.
1. Kt to R 3rd, Kt takes Kt; 2. R to K 4th, etc., is the author's solution. But if Black play 1. Kt to B 6th, there is no mate in two more moves.

PROBLEM NO. 2768.—By W. BIDDLE.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN BRIGHTON.

Game played between Messrs. J. H. BLAKE and A. A. BOWLEY in the tourney of the Sussex Chess Association.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Blake).	BLACK (Mr. Bowley).	WHITE (Mr. Blake).	BLACK (Mr. Bowley).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	B P, but the reply is Q takes P, and a draw was probably the result.	Black, thinking his chance good, played to win.
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	22. P to K B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
3. P to K Kt 3rd	B to B 4th	23. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 4th
4. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Kt 2nd	24. P to K Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
5. Kt to R 4th	B to Kt 3rd	25. Q R to Q sq	Q to Q B 2nd
6. Kt to K 2nd	Castles	26. P to B 3rd	P to Q 6th
7. Kt takes B	R P takes Kt	27. P to Q 4th	Kt to B 5th
8. P to Q 4th	P takes P	28. K B to B sq	Kt to K 7th (ch)
9. Kt takes P	P to K B 4th	29. B takes Kt	P takes B
10. P takes K	Kt takes Kt	30. R takes P	R to Q sq
This line of play appears to give Black at least an equal game.			
11. Q takes Kt	Kt takes P	It was better to go on with R takes P at once. White now turns the tables with skill and judgment.	
12. Q to B 4th (ch)	K to R sq	31. Q to K sq	R takes R
13. Castles	P to Q B 3rd	32. Q takes R	R takes P
14. B to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th	33. R to K 5th	R to K B sq
15. G to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	34. Q to K 2nd	Q to B 3rd
16. B to B 3rd	B to B 4th	35. R to K 7th	B to B 2nd
17. Q to Q sq	Q to Q 2nd	36. Q to K 5th	Q to K 3rd
18. R to K sq	Q R to K sq	37. P to R 3rd	Q to K 8th (ch)
19. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K 5th	38. K to R 2nd	Q to B 7th (ch)
20. B to Q 4th	Kt to K 5th	39. K to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 6th (ch)
Black is, of course, playing for the catch. It takes B P, and it requires some care to prevent this plan succeeding.			
21. B to Kt 2nd	P to B 4th	40. K to R 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
22. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q 5th	41. R takes P	Q to R 3rd (ch)
He might have played at once Kt takes B			
23. R takes B	There is nothing left, as R takes P and R takes B are both threatened.		

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played between Messrs. E. O. JONES and T. F. LAWRENCE.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q R to K sq	P to K Kt 4th	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. Kt to B 5th	Kt to K 3rd	
3. B to Kt 5th	P to K Kt 3rd	19. Kt to R 4th	B to B sq	
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. Q to R 4th	Kt to B 5th	
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 2nd	21. Q takes B P	P to Q 5th	
6. Kt takes Kt	There is against the theory of the opening to open Black's game. B to K 3rd is good enough.			
7. B to B 4th	Kt P takes Kt	22. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 6th (ch)	
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	23. K to Kt 2nd	Q R to Q sq	
9. B to K 3rd	Castles	24. P to Q B 4th	P to K R 4th	
10. B to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	25. P to Q Kt 4th	P to R 5th	
11. B takes B	K takes B	26. B to B 2nd	P takes P	
12. Q to Q 4th (ch)	P to B 3rd	27. P takes P	Kt to B 5th (ch)	
13. B to Q 3rd	Q to Q 3rd	28. P takes Kt	Q takes B P	
14. Kt to R 4th	Q R to K sq	29. P to K 5th	A very threatening move, except for one weak point, which is disclosed in the reply of Black. A charming finish. But 29. Kt to K 6th (ch) would have forced Black to draw by perpetual check.	
15. Castles (K R)	Q to B 5th	30. P to R 6th (ch)	29. P to K 5th	
13. P to K B 3rd	Q to K 4th	30. K to B 2nd	Q to R 7th, mate	
17. P to B 3rd	Q takes R P, followed, after R to R sq, by Q takes B, loses his Queen.			

The City of London Chess Championship has been won, after a triple tie between Messrs. E. O. Jones, N. W. van Lenep, and Lawrence, by the latter, who was also last year's champion. We believe the feat of winning this important event twice in succession is thus achieved for the first time.

The first place in the A Division of the London Chess League has been taken by the Ludgate Circus Club, after a tie with the Atheneum. The final was most keenly contested, and victory inclined alternately to either side, but in the end Ludgate Circus scored 10½ to their 9½, and so took premier honours in the competition.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the most curious habits which the bird-world exhibits is that of the Kea or mountain parrot of New Zealand, which is a carnivorous bird, and has acquired an unenviable reputation for its destruction of sheep. It would seem that the kea is not alone in its adoption of a flesh-eating diet, for sundry parrots have been known to devour their comrades in captivity. Mr. A. E. Harper, in his recent volume on "Pioneer Work in the Alps of New Zealand," gives us a hint concerning the probable mode of acquirement of the carnivorous habit by the kea. It seems that the shepherds hang up the skins of sheep to dry, and the kea, which is described as a most inquisitive bird, investigates the nature of the skins, and in so doing comes across some of the fat which remains adherent to the skins. The fat is at once appreciated, and becomes a tit-bit, for which Mr. Harper says the kea "would sell his soul." So it proceeds from bad to worse in the way of habits. It has learned where the fat lies ready to hand in the back of the living sheep, and fairly near the surface—namely, in the region of the kidneys. Settling on the unfortunate animal's back, the kea proceeds with its murderous work, and bites its way down to the kidney-fat in a very business-like fashion indeed. This recital is interesting because it teaches us once again how slight are the causes which may apparently lead to an evolution of new habits in an animal form. Many biologists stumble, unnecessarily it seems to me, over what they call or regard the initial difficulty of a new habit, but it seems to require very little that is new or unwanted to initiate a change of ways, and the case of the kea is worth bearing in mind when we are exercised over the problem of fresh departures in animal (and plant) life.

More information is gradually coming to hand regarding the influence of sea-water on the germs of typhoid fever, and the facts disclosed possess an evident bearing on our knowledge of the tendency to produce disease which infected oysters may exhibit. The French Academy of Medicine has been investigating the matter, and we are informed that M. Chatin has proved what our own experimenters have demonstrated—namely, that in ordinary pure sea-water the typhoid bacillus dies. If, therefore, the oyster is infected from bacilli which have been conveyed to it in ordinary sea-water, it seems certain that it cannot long remain noxious. The real harm, according to the French view, is wrought by the oyster-breeders laying down their stock for fattening purposes near the mouths of rivers which receive sewage from towns, and the admixture of whose water with that of the sea produces a brackish environment for the bivalves. In such surroundings, the typhoid bacillus is certain to thrive, and the oysters may become infected accordingly. These views appear to commend themselves from their common-sense character. It is at least some satisfaction to us to know that the typhoid germ has little chance of surviving in the clear healthful water of the sea.

Some considerable amount of excitement has been provoked by the announcement that a French surgeon has undertaken to make crooked persons straight, and to remedy the evils which spinal curvature and other forms of spinal disease entail on sufferers from these complaints. I have even seen an illustration, copied, I presume, from a French source, in which the surgeon is represented as operating on a child, surrounded by his assistants and nurses. The patient, after certain manipulations, is encased in a rigid plaster-of-Paris dressing, and the bones are thus induced to assume a new and normal style of growth. Operations of this kind are familiar enough to every surgeon; but the glowing accounts, popularly detailed, of the French method, would lead one to believe that even the most chronic and hopeless cases of deformity could be cured in the manner described. I need hardly remark on the utter impossibility of any such procedures being either successful or justifiable. The amount of alteration which the bones undergo in such cases is often so considerable that nothing short of the creation of a new spine could possibly confer on the patient a perfect body. These remarks may serve as a reply to several correspondents who have

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

"A. H." writes to me on the topic of mourning, which must for ever be guided by sentiment and not etiquette; but I must confess I think the term of her deep mourning has been quite long enough, and yet I cannot advise her to follow her own suggestion, and while wearing a toque in the streets continue to wear a widow's cap in the house—it seems scarcely consistent. However, it would be easy enough to modify the widow's cap by removing its strings and leaving it just a dainty little arrangement of white tarlotan. This might then be deemed merely an emblem of matronhood and not of mourning, and the black hat for the streets could be made on conventional lines guileless of any white lisso or strings.

What is the use, I wonder, of all the shops so temptingly displaying before us the fashions of summer, the daintiest of grenadines, barège, and muslin, when the meteorological authorities have decided that we should have a revival of winter? It is all very well to gaze on these new materials—which are, after all, old materials—with a certain amount of affection, but if we have any respect for our lungs we are forced to continue to cling to the utilitarian cloth coat and skirt. When in doubt buy blue serge, is the best solution to the problem of the spring costume; and blue serge this year is most popular under its essentially navy aspect, and in a bright shade of gendarme blue. Under the latter condition it will look well braided in black or quite plain; worn with mauve or plain green glacé shirts it lends itself to the complement of the flower toque or of the toque made of glacé ribbon, which is also much patronised. As well as the blue serge costume, it is well to be provided with one of covert coating; and while I am talking of coats and skirts let me dilate for a few moments upon the needs of the cyclist, whose numbers grow hourly in the land. Of cycling as an amusement we of the elect are perhaps no longer entirely enthusiastic, but we all cycle as a matter of course; we do not pursue the pastime ardently, but with moderation and with more elegance than we did. It is good to observe that an extreme trimness marks the costume of the cyclist, that the fly-away hat and the enormous sleeves are rather rare spectacles awhirl, and the Norfolk jacket with the belt shares with the covert coat the best affections of the best cyclist. That shade of gendarme blue to which I was just alluding makes a most excellent cycling costume in the Norfolk jacket style; this, worn with tan-coloured belt and crowned with the ordinary white straw hat with a black ribbon round it, a



A PALE GREY CASHMERE COSTUME.

white cambric shirt and a black tie, a pair of tan chevrette gloves, and a bunch of violets in the buttonhole, is very hard to beat. I continue to think that black cloth looks well on a bicycle, only I have realised that it is not the best material to bear with equanimity the dust of the roads. Shepherd's plaid, if of very infinitesimal proportions, will look well on a bicycle, and the same may be justly observed of the various drabs and greys of covert coatings. Under all circumstances those who can should wear the plain straw hat with the black ribbon. Those who cannot do this should wear a little cloth Tam-o'-Shanter of the same material as their dress, trimmed with a rosette of coloured velvet or a bunch of flowers and two quills. To those to whom neither is a becoming possibility there is left the Panama boat-shaped hat trimmed with a black ribbon, or the French sailor with a ruche of ribbon round the crown and a rosette with erect ends at one side. These

two last styles should, however, be avoided if possible in favour of the plainer ones previously mentioned.

But to return once more to the grenadines and muslins, which we can only look at and not wear. Let me recommend that style illustrated in this page as pre-eminently suited to the exigencies of such fabrics. The back of the skirt is flounced; the front width is perfectly plain, bordered at either side with a band of écrù guipure. Écrù guipure also outlines the shoulders, whence hangs a pleated bolero of the grenadine tied in the front with a lace bow falling cascade fashion to the waist, which is encircled by a band of black satin ribbon. Such a dress as this might be allowed to go to Ascot, or to a wedding, and it would look well in white silk and black grenadine, with white silk used to make the front, underbodice, and sleeves. The same style might be successfully adapted to cream silk muslin, with the plain portions of buff-coloured silk and the lace of écrù. The combination of white and cream and biscuit-colour is very popular over in Paris, and very effective it is when properly used, lending itself most admirably to some of the new hats of Leghorn trimmed with white feathers and draperies of cream tulle. The other costume sketched is of cashmere, which, by the way, grows hourly in popularity, and differs in some measure from the cashmere of olden days by reason of its firm texture. The back of it, indeed, is almost as firm and solid as face-cloth, and it is a fabric which can be most successfully manipulated by the tailor making coats and skirts of singular charm. But in my praise of the stuff I am forgetting to describe the dress, which is of pale grey, and has the bodice and epaulettes and basque covered with a design in narrow braiding. The skirt is pleated à la solle—what becoming skirts these are!—a black satin band is tied round the waist into a bow to fall with long ends at the hem, and the softest of lace ruffles are inside the Medici collar, and fall with double frillings to the waist.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTE S.

Once again the question of the degrees of women at the older Universities is being hotly discussed between the men who now monopolise the pecuniary advantages of those great foundations and the women who wish to obtain access to a share in the same privileges. Curiously enough, it is the Oxford men, who have already refused to give any other advantages to women students beyond the bare examination, who are taking the task on themselves of urging Cambridge to do likewise. I say curiously, but perhaps it is natural, for the example of Cambridge, should it give way, would lead almost inevitably to the opening of the Oxford degrees before long. The report of the Cambridge "Syndicate" has advised that women shall be allowed to use the titles of the degrees of B.A. and M.A., stipulating that this right shall only be granted to those women who have taken honours, while every man who takes a mere *pass* will be wearing the like title; and they recommend that the women thus titularly graduates shall have none of the rights of graduates—shall not be entitled to a vote in the management of the University, or to participate in any of its prizes or emoluments. This does not seem a great concession, but it is, nevertheless, hotly opposed.

The opposition does not apply, however, to the immediate matter in hand, but rather to its probable outcome. It prophesies that the concession of a nominal title will not satisfy, but will be made a ground for further demands—that the body of unfranchised and unrewarded graduates will not be satisfied by an empty title for long, but will make this anomalous position a reason for pressing for full admission to the University, and for a share in all its privileges. This is almost certainly a true forecast. Indeed, Miss Clough and Miss Jex-Blake, formulating the reasons of the women students for asking for an improvement in their position, do state in plain words the fullest possible demands. They complain that at present the women students have not the full and unrestricted use of the University Library; they ask for open competition for all the University prizes and scholarships, for recognition for women engaged in higher study and research (recognition is a pretty word for pecuniary help from University funds such as men receive), and for an assurance that the privileges of attending classes and other advantages that they now owe to courtesy shall be established as rights, so as not to be liable to be withdrawn by the breaking down of polite tolerance some fine day. Now, these demands as a whole certainly will not be met by giving to the students of the women's colleges a titular degree when they pass an honours examination.

But what are the objections put forth by the opponents of these claims? The real, the one solid objection is that such alterations would make Cambridge a "mixed" University, and not one reserved for men, as a sex privilege, a birthright of their masculinity. It is claimed that to make the University "mixed" would render men less likely to go there; that it would tie the education of women to that of men, whereas, the objectors maintain, there ought to be a distinction between the studies considered to strengthen and expand the respective intellects of boys and girls; but, above all, it is claimed that the endowments and other sources of wealth and aids to scholarship of the University were originally given for men, and that women ought therefore to be permanently debarred from advantage from them. With a permanent Charity Commission sitting to play ducks and drakes with the intentions of the "pious founder" outside the Universities, it seems rather hopeless to appeal to respect for his long-past wisdom and intention in order to keep the wealth of the Universities sacred to men. Moreover, this contention is weakened by the fact that the older endowments were given to educate priests for the Catholic Church, and that recent ones were intended to be reserved for the members of the communion of the Church of England, and that these limitations are now disregarded. However, Mr. Whibley uses very strong language on the point. He says that "for women to claim scholarships that were bequeathed to men alone is a simple *theft*," that

"nothing will satisfy the friends of women but the *plunder* of the University," and that "Newnham and Girton demand the *spoils* of the ancient endowments." Considering that the utmost that can possibly ever occur is that women shall "plunder" and "thieve" and "spoil" by means of open competition, defeating male candidates for the same pecuniary benefits, this anxiety for the legal protection of the stronger sex from being "despoiled" by the weaker becomes surely a trifle contemptible!

Lady Fry and Miss Emily Shireff are names to be added to the obituary list of notable women. The former was the moving spirit in the foundation of the Women's



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Liberal Federation, and the latter was one of the most devoted and capable of the early organisers of improved education for girls. Miss Shireff, with her sister, Mrs. William Grey, originated the "Girls' Public Day-Schools Company," by which the initial high schools for girls were founded. Lady Stanley of Alderley became the president, and Princess Louise the patroness, but the strength of the company was the wisdom with which Mrs. Grey and Miss Shireff placed it on a commercial basis, and actually secured a fixed and small but unfailing dividend. Miss Shireff was eighty-two; Lady Fry had only reached her sixtieth year.

At the distribution of prizes at the Edinburgh Medical School for Women it was announced that two of the students had distinguished themselves in classes that they share with men students. At the Royal Infirmary the gold medal for clinical surgery had been gained with 94 per cent. of the possible marks by Margaret Brodie, who also took the surgery class prize of the school itself with 95 per cent. of possible marks. In the outside classes of practical pathology and systematic pathology, under separate teachers, Edith Nield had taken first and second medals respectively.

I am informed that Mrs. Asquith has withdrawn her signature from the address to the Queen, as she is opposed to the "equal civil rights" of men and women; she did not notice this phrase when the paper was first laid before her, or realise that it must mean equal rights of voting, to which she is opposed.

F. F.-M.

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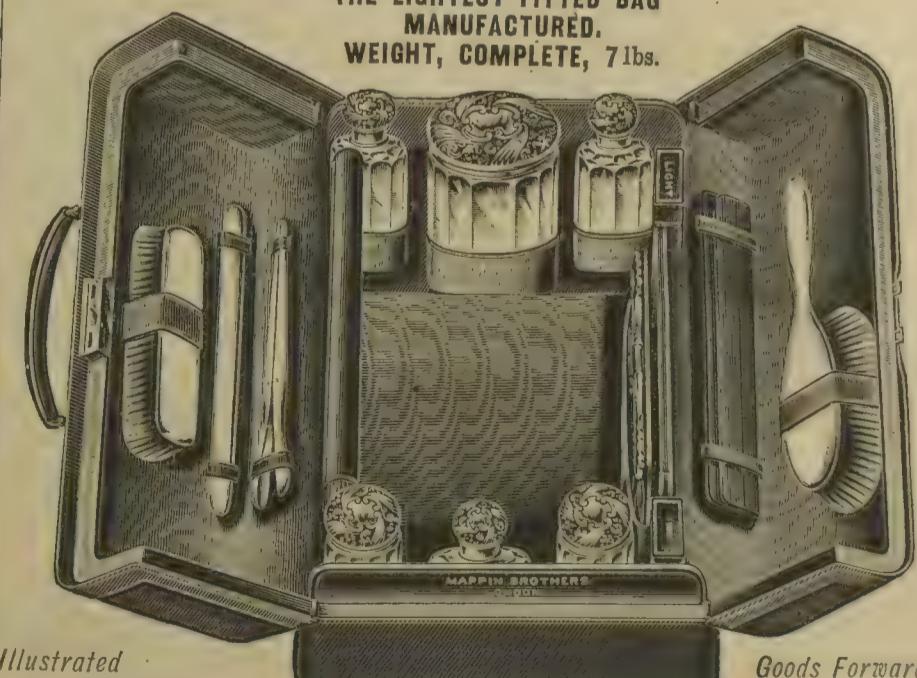
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1896), with a codicil, made at Cairo (dated Jan. 16, 1897), of Mr. Henry Charles Fulford, for a short time M.P. for the Lichfield Division, Chairman of the Holt Brewery, Limited, of 69, Cadogan Gardens, and of Augustus Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on March 15 at the Birmingham District Registry by Mrs. Mary Agnes Fulford, the widow, Richard Alfred Pinsent, and Henry Robert Hodgkinson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £422,151 gross and £317,501 net. The testator gives £1000 and all his household furniture, etc., to his wife; £250 each to Richard Alfred Pinsent and Henry Robert Hodgkinson; £250 to Mrs. Elizabeth O'Flanagan; £2500 between the children (except Mrs. O'Flanagan) of his uncles William Fulford, Joseph Fulford, and Richard Fulford; £3000 for such charitable institutions and purposes in Birmingham as his executors shall think fit; and during the continuation of the trusts of his will a sum not exceeding £500 per annum is to be paid to Richard Alfred Pinsent for acting as chief executor. A sum is to be set aside and held upon trust to pay £4500 per annum to his wife during her life, but should she again marry she is to receive £2500 per annum; and subject as above, the capital sum is to be held, upon trust, for his two sons, as his wife shall appoint; but should the one third share of his daughter in his residuary estate not amount to £50,000, then any deficit is to be made up therefrom. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his two sons and daughter, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1893), with three codicils (dated Jan. 22, 1894, Feb. 27, 1895, and July 22, 1896), of Mr. Gustav Christian Schwabe, of 19, Kensington Palace Gardens, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on April 1 by Gustav William Wolff, of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, shipbuilders, Belfast, the nephew, Isaac Henderson, and Edmund Salway Ford, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £172,472. The testator gives £2000, certain moneys at the Union Bank, Bayswater, his household furniture, pictures, plate, carriages and horses, and the use for life of 19, Kensington Palace Gardens, to his wife; £500 and an annuity of £300 to his brother George F. Schwabe; £2000 to his nephew Ernst Gustav Schwabe; £500 to Mrs. Eissler, and £10,000, upon trust, for her four daughters, Emma, Frida, Marianne, and Clara; £1000 to Margaret and Emma Williams; £3000 to Margaret, Emma, and William Williams, and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life. At her death he bequeaths £1000 to the Artists' Benevolent Institution, St. James's Street; £6000, upon trust, for the two daughters of Philip H. Calderon, R.A.; £1000 to Otto Luck; £2000 to Otto Wolff; £10,000, upon trust, for his nieces Clara May; £2000 to Samuel Spooner; £3000 to Annie, Bessie, and Louisa Harvey; £3000 to the three unmarried daughters of Stephan Schwabe; £3000 to certain children of his brother G. F. Schwabe; £1000 to

Sidney May; his shares in the Oceanic Steam-ship Company, 19, Kensington Palace Gardens, £11,000, and property in China, to Gustav William Wolff; and large legacies to his servants. The ultimate residue he leaves to his nephew, Gustav William Wolff, if he shall survive the testator's wife, but should he predecease her, then, upon trust, for his niece Clara May.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1897) of Mr. Charles James Bruzaud, of 93, Holland Road, recently a partner in the firm of Messrs. Erard and Co., who died on Feb. 14, was proved on April 3 by Edwin George Bruzaud, the son, Sigismund Charles Bruzaud, the nephew, Arthur Renau Pearce, and Robert Pearce Wootton Renau, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £88,536. The testator gives £300 to his granddaughter, Amelia Isabel Walter, and a few small legacies and specific gifts. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon certain trusts, for his five children, Edwin George, Walter, Arthur, Camille Louisa, and Emma Catharine Davis, in equal shares.

The will of Dame Mary Eleanor Forwood, of Blundellsands and Wykefield, Ambleside, has been proved in the Liverpool District Registry under a gross value of £6284 2s. 8d. by her husband, Sir William B. Forwood, the sole executor. After disposal of articles of jewellery, and bequeathing to her daughter Alexandra Gladys the service of plate presented to her by the Corporation of Liverpool, the residue is left to Sir William B. Forwood absolutely. Lady Forwood further appoints her settled estate under the will of her late father, William Miles Moss, valued at about £87,000, among her children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 5, 1895) of Mr. Francis Wrentmore, of 34, Holland Villas Road, Kensington, who died on Feb. 23, was proved on March 23 by Mrs. Mary Anne Wrentmore, the widow, John Harris Wrentmore, and William Kelly, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £28,467. The testator gives his two leasehold houses, Nos. 250 and 279, Regent Street, to his wife for life, and at her death No. 250 to his cousin Isaac Harris Wrentmore, and No. 279 to John Harris Wrentmore; 125 £10 shares of the Gordon Hotels Company each to his nieces Eliza Howell and Albina Tucker; 25 of such shares to Rebecca Howell; 125 of such shares and 50 shares of McNamara and Co. to Isaac Harris Wrentmore; and three debentures of £100 each of the Gordon Hotels Company to Mary A. Puxon. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated April 23, 1880) of Mr. Charles Frederick Hope Collisson, J.P., of Mettingham Castle, Suffolk, who died at Mentone on Feb. 1, was proved on April 2 by Ernest William Fowler, the executor, the value of the personal estate being £15,777. The testator gives £200 each to his nephews, Ernest Fowler, Bernard de Mussenden Leathes, and Arthur Francis Forster, and all his personal estate, except money, securities for money and leaseholds,

to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and subject thereto, as to one moiety, as she shall appoint, and in default thereof, and as to the other moiety, upon trust, for his brother and sister in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1896) of Mrs. Louisa Gambier Stuart, of Hoburne Lodge, Christchurch, Southampton, widow, who died on March 2, was proved on March 29 by Charles Townshend Murdoch, M.P., the brother, Charles Guy Pym, M.P., the cousin, and Captain the Hon. Assheton Gore Curzon Howe, R.N., the executors, the value of the personal estate being £16,254. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to her goddaughters Lilian Hanbury and Sybil Briscoe, her niece Edith Burton, and her sister Emily Frederica Murdoch; £1000 to Arthur and Catherine Thompson; £500 each to her sister Fanny Franklin and her sister-in-law Sophia Murdoch; all her plate with the Stuart crest to Henry, Mary, and Elizabeth, the three children of the late Colonel William Stuart; such of her furniture, plate, pictures, and household effects as she shall select to her sister Emily Frederica Murdoch, and the remainder to Captain the Hon. A. G. C. Howe; £200 each to her executors; and numerous small legacies and annuities to her relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her brother, Charles Townshend Murdoch.

The will of Mr. Robert Cornelius Empson, J.P., of Ousefleet Hall, near Goole, York, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on March 3 at the Wakefield District Registry by James Empson Lister-Empson, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £12,757.

The will of Mr. Peter Nussey, of Headingley, Leeds, who died on Dec. 12, has been proved by Mrs. Sophia Anne Nussey, the widow, and Samuel Redhead Meredith, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £11,000.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Haddington, of the testament dative unquihile of the Right Hon. Anne Frederica, Countess of Wemyss and March, of Gosford House, Haddington, who died on July 22 last, granted to the Earl of Wemyss and March, the husband, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on March 25, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £3845.

The Colonial Premiers who are shortly to visit England, in order to be present at the Diamond Jubilee celebration, are to be invited to attend a meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, at which the Duke of Devonshire has undertaken to give an address on a subject which should be of especial interest to the colonial visitors—namely, "The British Empire League." The Duke is president of the League, and is, therefore, one of the statesmen most fitted to address the representatives of her Majesty's authority in the distant quarters of the Empire at such a time.

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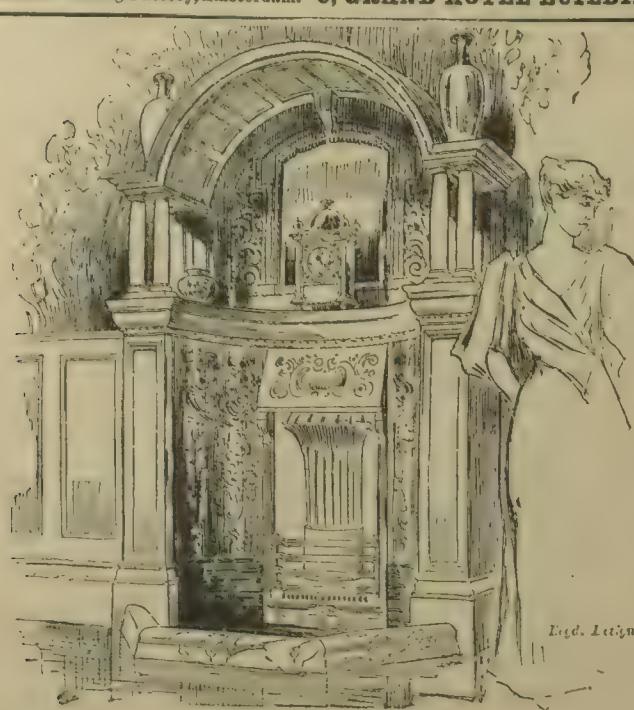
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There has been a remarkable exposure in New York of a Jewish missionary, by name Werszwiak. The man, it seems, was eloquent; a great expert at the fulfilment of prophecy, and very skilful in drawing money out of pockets. He is a man of bold expedients, of which the best known was his exploit of drawing in a large congregation one day to see a free show, and then as they were going out shutting the iron gates and taking a photograph to prove what a multitude of hearers he had. This astute individual seems to have been caught in a proposal to build a large and expensive church for converted Jews!

Some criticism is being expended on the Peace Society, an organisation which has existed for a long time, and is patronised by wealthy Quakers. Its chief object is to send about lecturers and distribute literature in the interests of peace. The organ of the Society has taken the side of the Concert in the present embarrassment, and some of the Nonconformists, who are strongly represented on the committed and otherwise, have taken exception to this. The secretary, Mr. Darby, has been interviewing the President in Paris. Mr. Darby, it is stated, was formerly engaged in some capacity in the Memorial Hall, and is an LL.D. of an American University.

A dispute has taken place between the Rev. Forbes Phillips, Vicar of Gorleston, and the Bishop of Norwich. Sensational accounts have appeared in several papers. The Bishop of Norwich, on emerging from the vestry, observed

lighted candles on the altar, and at once asked the Vicar to remove them. Mr. Phillips' own account proceeds: "The service was exactly the same as in former years when the Bishop of Norwich has officiated. This year his Lordship ordered the fourteen candles to be extinguished, which I courteously but firmly declined to do. The Bishop then requested the churchwardens to put them out, and upon their refusal the Bishop said he would leave the church. He subsequently reconsidered his decision, however, and took the service as in former years." Mr. Phillips does not contradict the story that he said he would give the Bishop one minute in which to make up his mind, and that if he still persisted in his refusal he himself would conduct the service and declare the candidates members of the Church of England.

The Chaplain-General to the Forces, the Rev. Dr. Edgehill, has been preaching on the cantonment regulations for India. He said it was not a duty of any Christian community to make it safe for men to sin, but rather to make it difficult, and to discourage it. He could not see why the same law should not apply to garrison towns as to university towns, and that everything with an immoral tendency should be kept out of sight.

Archdeacon Sinclair has been writing to the *Church Times* as follows: "You must not count me as an anti-Ritualist. The only man I ever appointed to a parish was a Ritualist, because there had been Ritualists there before him. I take the eastward position at St. Paul's, and delight

in singing the Gregorian tones of the celebration during my months of duty. I belong to no party society, and subscribe to no party institution." He speaks also about the "immense and acknowledged power for good" of the *Church Times*. This will surprise the Evangelicals, who looked upon Archdeacon Sinclair as one of themselves, and were understood to desire his appointment to the bishopric.

Everyone will be glad to hear that Dean Hole has returned from the Riviera in good health.

The Bishop of Madras has occupied his see for thirty-five years. This is a longer period of service than that of any English Bishop, and, indeed, a longer period than any Bishop in the whole Anglican Church, with but three exceptions, all found in America. The Bishops of Colombo and Bombay have only two seniors in the Episcopate among the Bishops of England, having been consecrated in 1875 and 1876 respectively. The Bishop of Rangoon has been thirty-six years in India, although a Bishop for only fifteen of them. Other Bishops might be named who have given long service in this trying climate.

The very circumstantial details which have lately been current in the papers concerning the ceremonial of the Jubilee Service at St. Paul's on June 22 are not all to be accepted as accurate. To prevent erroneous statements gaining credence, the Dean of St. Paul's writes to the Press: "Matters described as settled are still under discussion, while I have never heard of one or two points which are spoken of as arranged." V.

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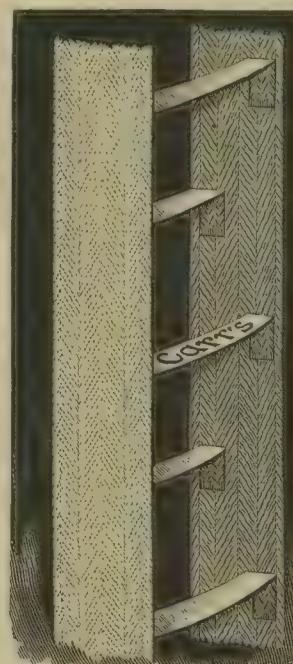
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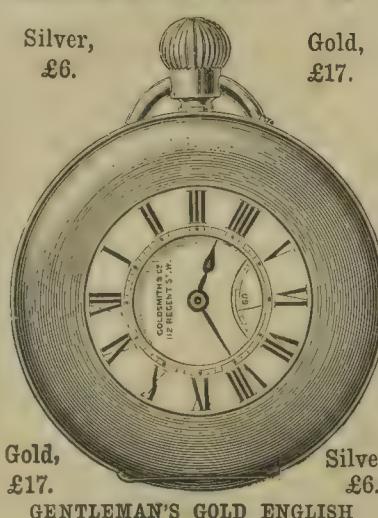
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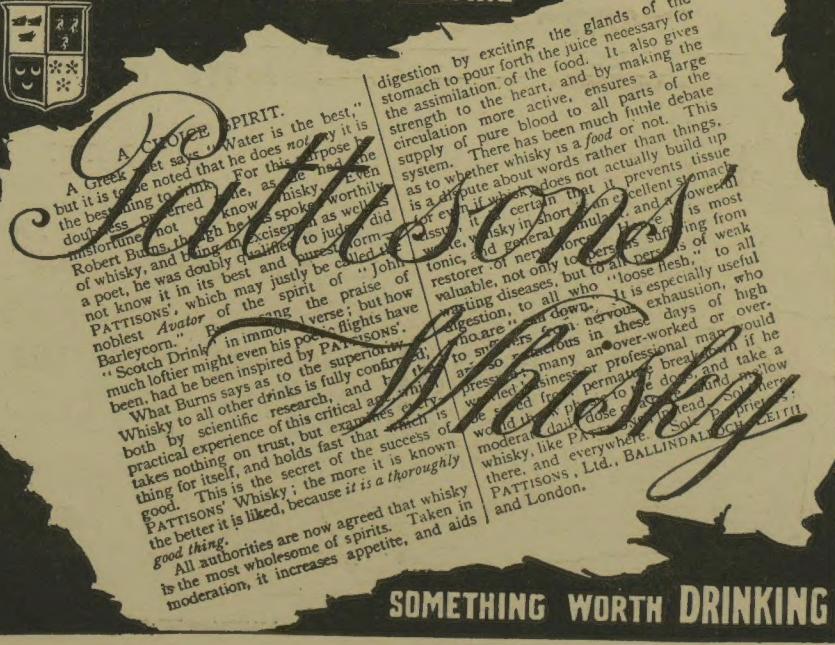
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CHIT-CHAT OF TRAVEL.

IV.—JERUSALEM.

Our arrival at Jerusalem was a memorable experience. Hardly had we recovered from the shock of finding the station so exactly like every other station, than we found ourselves swallowed up in a cloud of dust, seized by the arm by a desperate-looking ruffian who called himself a coachman, and jostled into a four-wheeled vehicle which looked as if it had been invalided for a couple of centuries and sent to a flour-mill to recuperate. The station is some distance from the city, and never on Swiss pass nor on the steeps of our own Lake country had we experienced the terror which possessed us during that mad stampede to our hotel. A carriage guiltless of springs; three horses whose harnessing was composed largely of rope; a madman to drive; and a road winding up and down hill, and in nature like the bed of a stream—truly the descendants of Jehu are still in the land, else our bones had now been strewing the way; and when we descended at the hotel door we marked our driver well, lest by evil chance we might fall into his hands again.

Tired as we were, we could not let the remaining hour of daylight pass without seeing something of the Holy City, so, after partaking of some tea—falsely so called—we sallied out for a stroll through the Jaffa Gate, where we had to back against the wall to make room for a string of

camels, into the Street of David, a narrow lane guiltless of pavement, and with a descent of a step to every eight or ten paces. In the booths on either side Birmingham lamps and Manchester cottons are largely in evidence, but the West is little represented in the throng which comes surging up the hill. Veiled women shuffling along on large black boots, which have a singularly ungraceful appearance as they emerge from the sheet-like wrappings; the poor Jew in greasy hat and long straight robe; the rich man, gorgeous in purple plush and fur edgings; Greeks, Moslems, Armenians—they swarm past in an unending stream, while the camel rears his scornful head over all, and grey and white donkeys bear their picturesque riders to and fro.

All that we had experienced in the way of insanitary conditions paled before the condition of the streets of Jerusalem, and the first impression of the city can hardly fail to be painful. To ascend the Mount of Olives by a stony road panned in by two walls, and to find the summit disfigured by Bedouin huts of most evil-smelling condition, is a severe disappointment. To be asked a shilling admittance to see the Garden of Gethsemane, walled in and laid out in geometrical order, is neither more nor less than horrible, though hardly more depressing than the reality of that "Mount Zion," which has been in imagination the type of all that was noble and beautiful. To see the sick, the maimed, and the blind as they really are in

Palestine is, moreover, a heartrending experience. The number of beggars is so overwhelming that one must be adamant in self-defence, though there are occasions when the hardest heart softens, as, for instance, when a small specimen of humanity, clad in innocence and half a yard of cotton, toddles after one and rolls its big brown eyes in entreaty. "Backscheesh" is an abominable word, and ought to be abolished, but "Bak-seese!" can be beguiling beyond the power of refusal.

In springtime the verdure of Palestine is said to be delightful, but it is almost impossible for the autumn visitor to believe these reports as he looks over a country desert-like in barrenness: hills of arid earth, and valleys covered with stones. It was only when we drove out of Jerusalem, emerged somewhat from the blinding cloud of dust, and saw the swelling outline of the hills stretching around, that we could realise the possibility of beauty or feel anything of the spell of the Holy Land. We were glad to feel that the streets of the old Jerusalem were many feet below the present level of the city, and to confine ourselves to studying the formation of the country and the life of the people, which seem to have altered so little in the course of eighteen hundred years. To live in Palestine is to have the words of the parables brought before one at every turn. The sparrows offered for sale in the street, the Bethlehem woman searching for the lost coin from her head-dress, the shepherd leading his

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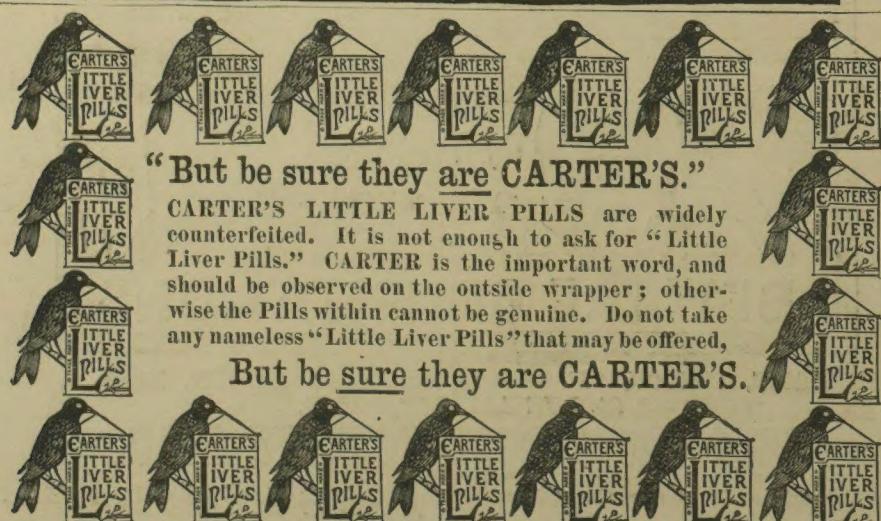
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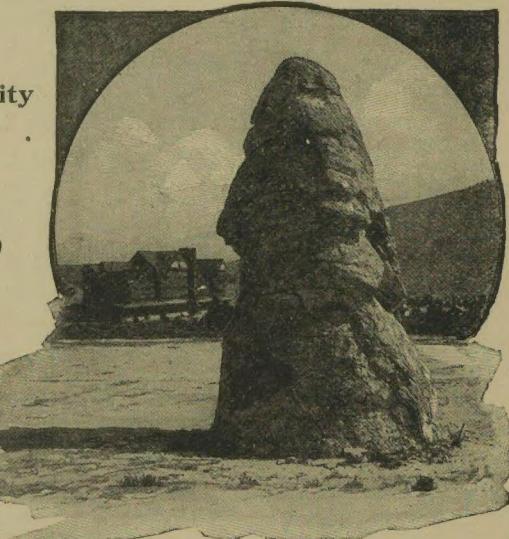
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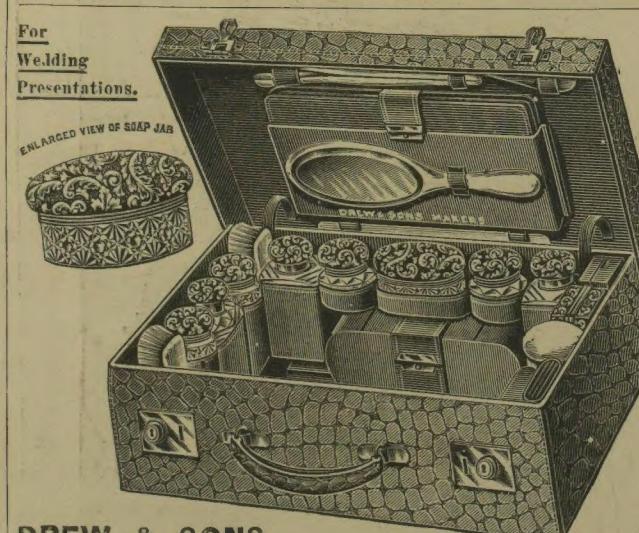
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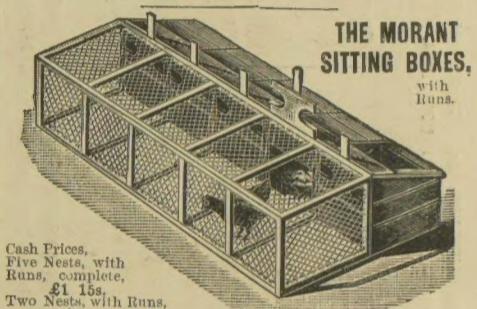
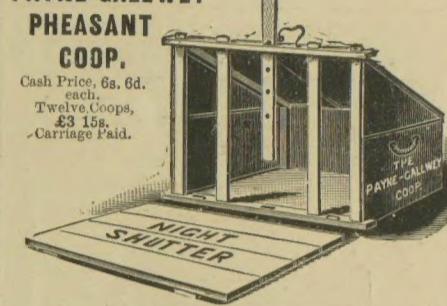
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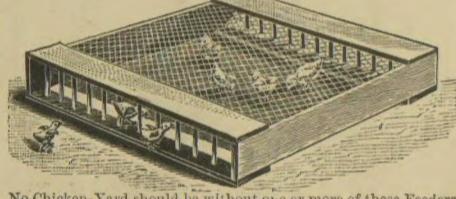
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flocks of sheep and goats—they are all there, and the sight gives fresh meaning to the well-known words. One of the most interesting visits which we paid in Jerusalem was to the house of Doctor Schick, a venerable German, who has spent a lifetime in studying the Temple, and in making a model of the ancient enclosure, which is a miracle of delicate workmanship. The Doctor's principal difficulty lay in discovering the number of inches represented by the ancient cubit. He tried one number after another, and in each case was stopped in his work by finding that the plan would not work out; but at last he fixed on eighteen inches, when all became easy, and the complicated bits fitted together with the accuracy of a puzzle.

In all our pilgrimages round about Jerusalem we were escorted by our Greek dragoman, "Saleem" by name. He was in attendance when we came down to breakfast in the morning, and shook hands with the dignity of a Prince.

When we had a brief leisure it was always a treat to snatch a few minutes' conversation with Saleem. Years before he had been in the service of General Gordon, of whom he could not speak too highly. "Was he good to you, Saleem?" "To everyone, Madam; to everyone. He was better than a Bishop, and better than a missionary. Every day when we have been camping he has been on his knees praying outside the tent before it was light, and he could not bear to see anyone in trouble. Every day I must have a bag of little moneys to give to all the poor we meet. He would not wait to be asked. He was a great chief, Madam—very good, very rich, but when he came to die we heard that he had nothing—like Christ!"

Saleem was a poor man, but he had the contented spirit. When his brother received a "tip" which was larger than his own, "He is more wise than I," he said; "it is quite right." When we wished him a prosperous year, with

many visitors to take our place, "That is with God!" was his reply, with the grave bend of the head which was characteristic of the man. When we were leaving Jerusalem and already seated in the saloon carriage of the train, Saleem appeared among us, followed by the shapeless form of a veiled woman. "It is my mother!" he said simply, and between the white coverings a small, worn likeness of his own face beamed upon us. She came forward smiling, shook hands with the gentlemen, and being shown the two ladies who were best known to her son, threw her arms round each in turns and kissed them on the cheek.

It was an unexpected and touching farewell; and Saleem also had his own surprise—two bouquets of marigolds of most penetrating odour! As soon as the train had reached a safe distance we threw them hurriedly from the window, but the remembrance of Saleem lingers with us—one of the most pleasant of our sojourn in Palestine.

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Head Office: BUDAPEST.

AN APOLOGY.

THE NITRATE RAILWAYS COMPANY, LIMITED. The following Letter of Apology has been addressed to Mr. ROBERT HARVEY, Chairman, and Mr. R. R. LOCKETT and Mr. J. J. SMITH, Directors of the Nitrate Railways Company, Limited, by Mr. HERBERT ALLEN, Editor of the *Railway Times*, pursuant to one of the terms of Agreement for discontinuance of the several actions for libel instituted by them against him in the High Court of Justice—

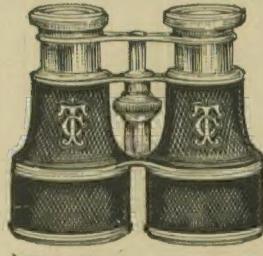
2, Exeter Street, Strand, London, W.C.

March 13, 1897.

Dear Sir.—I have already offered you my apology for the erroneous statement which I made in my Circular to the Shareholders and in the *Railway Times*, in reference to the issue of the Bonus Shares of the Company. I now wish to follow a similar course with regard to my statements referring to the contract with the Tarapaca Waterworks Company. I find from what has since come to my knowledge that I was in error in stating that you and Mr. J. J. Smith and Mr. R. R. Lockett had disposed of all but about 400 of your Shares in the Water Company, and consequently I was in error in the deductions I drew in the seventh paragraph of my Circular of Nov. 5, 1896, from that misconception of facts. I now entirely acquit you of any improper motives in reference to the contract between the two Companies, and of any annoyance caused to you in this connection. I frankly express my regret and offer an unreserved apology.

Yours faithfully, HERBERT ALLEN.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S WEDDING PRESENTS.

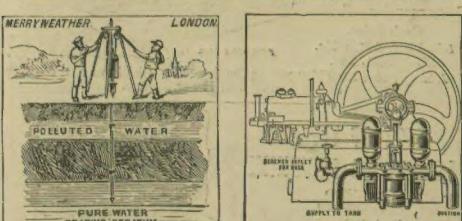


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many visitors to take our place, "That is with God!" was his reply, with the grave bend of the head which was characteristic of the man. When we were leaving Jerusalem and already seated in the saloon carriage of the train, Saleem appeared among us, followed by the shapeless form of a veiled woman. "It is my mother!" he said simply, and between the white coverings a small, worn likeness of his own face beamed upon us. She came forward smiling, shook hands with the gentlemen, and being shown the two ladies who were best known to her son, threw her arms round each in turns and kissed them on the cheek.

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